

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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LA PELLEGRINA RONDINELLA.

BY THOMASSO GROSSI (Milan).

LITTLE pilgrim swallow, still
Thou dost perch upon my sill,
Singing every morning, till
My heart repeats thy plaintive rill;
What is wrong, tell me along,
Little swallow, in thy song?

Art forsaken by thy mate,
Abandoned and left desolate;
Or weep'st perhaps my cruel fate,
Seeing me disconsolate?
With sorrow wrung, my heart's unstrung,
Little swallow, by thy tongue.

Yet have I most cause to sigh
Thou canst on thy wings rely,
Skim the lake and soar on high,
Wake in echoes from the sky
Notes that each my prison reach,
Little swallow, with thy speech.

Ah! if I—but fates compel
Me dungeoned to this narrow cell,
Whence the sun may not dispel
The gloom that drowns my voice as well,
Lifted vain, in sad refrain,
Little swallow, to thy strain.

Now September is at hand
Thou wilt leave me with thy band,
Calling mountains, dreary sand,
Calling oceans, flowery land,
Without choice, to rejoice,
Little swallow, with thy voice.

Still shall I, awake from sleep
Opening my eyes to weep,
Though the earth with snow be deep,
Fresh thy love and pity keep;
Without restraint, to hear I'll feint,
Little swallow, still, thy plaint.

When spring comes in radiance bright,
A cross will stand upon yon height;
Little swallow, check thy flight,
Upon its topmost bar to light;
Salute my grave, and at its verge,
Little swallow, chant my dirge.
Cincinnati, July 21, '77. J. T. W.

"DEIN ANGESICHT, SO LIEB UND SCHON."

THY face, so sweet and fair to see,
Of late has come in my dreams to me;
It is so gentle, and angel-fair,
And yet so wan, so wan with care.

The lips are rose-red; but anon
Death kisses them, and they are wan;
And quench'd is the celestial light,
That from thy sweet eyes flashes bright.
HEINE.

THE WOODS IN AUTUMN.

A SONNET.

FLASHES of gold that fleck the sober grey;
Dark ruddy tints that crimson in the light;
Soft streaks of silver glimmering pearly
white,
Amid the russet browns half hid away;
Pure green of spring that lingers while it may;
Patches of ivy-foliage dark as night;
Rich purple shades that peep out from the
height:
Such crown with glory the September day.
Oh autumn woods! I lie beside the stream
That winds you round about so lovingly,
And rapt in sense of wondrous beauty, see
How vain must be ambition's lofty dream
To rival tints like yours, or dare to trace
Your perfect harmony, your perfect grace.
Cassell's Magazine. G. WEATHERLY.

EMBLEM OF TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

AT fashion's call, with cruel shears,
They cropped poor Tray's superfluous ears;
Twice shrieked the mutilated pup,
Then sniffed and ate the fragments up,
Nor stayed his losses to deplore,
But wagged his tail and roared for more.
Here, without Tupper, we may see
The marrow of philosophy,
The how and where, with natural ease,
To stow away our miseries;
Nor simply to gulp down our pain,
But turn disaster into gain;
And, when her scissors shear our pate,
To batten on the spoils of Fate.

G. S. CAUTLEY.

MY wife and child, come close to me,
The world to us is a stormy sea;
With your hands in mine, if your eyes but
shine,
I care not how wild the storm may be.

For the fiercest wind that ever blew
Is nothing to me, so I shelter you:
No warmth do I lack, for the howl at my back
Sings down to my heart, "Man, bold and
true."

A pleasant sail, my child! my wife!
O'er a pleasant sea, to many is life;
The wind blows warm, and they dread no
storm,
And wherever they go, kind friends are rife.

But, wife and child! the love, the love,
That lifeth us to the saints above,
Could only have grown where storms have
blown,
The truth and strength of the heart to prove.
EBENEZER JONES.

From The Nineteenth Century.
THE CEREMONIAL USE OF FLOWERS.

I.

THE use of flowers in religious rites and for sacrificial purposes is to be met with amongst the rudest and most primitive races of present and past times. Thus, at the latter part of the seventeenth century, Rochefort found the different tribes of Florida setting on the tops of trees, as offerings to the sun, skins of deer filled with the best fruits of the country, crowned with flowers and sweet-scented herbs. And in ceremonies connected with the burial or commemoration of the dead, we have what may be called an *intimation* of it even among the aborigines of Australia, — they place their dead between layers of green leaves. But it is with the inhabitants of the Pacific isles, amongst the natives of Polynesia and the Tonga Islands, that we shall perhaps find our best starting-point.

Throughout Polynesia the natives have invariably shown a great fondness for flowers, and all books of travel tell of the graceful garlands woven by them to be worn round the head and neck on various occasions of religious solemnity or social rejoicing. The Tahitians were obliged by their climate to practice early interment of the dead, except in cases of embalment; but so long as they were able to keep a body, they rested it, covered with the choicest white native cloth and decked with wreaths and garlands of the sweetest flowers in bloom, on a bier spread with fragrant green leaves. The floor of the dwelling in which it lay was also strewn with fragrant leaves. When bodies were embalmed, relatives or friends kept them unburied for a considerable period. In this case a light kind of altar was erected near the corpse, and on it articles of food, fruits and garlands and flowers were daily deposited. If the deceased was a chief of rank or fame, a person was specially appointed to attend the corpse and present food to its mouth. The reason of these customs is remarkable, and furnishes a good illustration of savage or primitive animism. The Tahitians had a notion that the scent was the spirit of the offering, and corresponded to the spirit of man, and that

consequently it would be grateful to the departed, and would appease any desire they might have to return and partake of the enjoyments of this life. In order to secure the admission of a departed spirit to the joys of their paradise, the Samoans thought it necessary, after they had arrayed the corpse in the best raiment they could provide, to wreath its head with flowers, and then to place upon the body a pig baked whole surrounded by a pile of vegetable food: the pig and food were propitiatory offerings to the god Tiki. Turner mentions a curious custom existing in New Caledonia, when he visited it early in the present century, in connection with the prevailing belief in *disease-makers*. If a man was suspected of witchcraft, and supposed to have caused thereby the death of several persons, he was formally condemned. Immediately after sentence had been passed on him, a great festival was held, during which the criminal, decked with a garland of red flowers and shells, with his arms and legs covered with flowers and shells, and his face and his body painted black, dashed into the midst of the assembled people, and, jumping over the rocks into the sea, paid the penalty of his supposed crime by the forfeiture of his life. At the ceremony of initiation into the Areoi brotherhood, flowers were also in requisition. The candidate on presenting himself for admission — a step he was held to take by the direct inspiration of the gods, and which he took in a state of apparent *neneva* or derangement — wore round his loins a girdle of yellow plantain or *ti* leaves; his face was stained with the scarlet dye *mati*; his brow was decorated with a shade of curiously plaited cocoanut leaves; and his hair, perfumed with powerfully scented oil, was ornamented with a profusion of fragrant flowers. The altars set up for the occasion were covered with sacred boughs, and ornamented with a border or fringe of rich yellow plantain leaves.

Often on the occasion of religious ceremonies, simple leaves were substituted for flowers. Mariner gives an instance of this in his account of the sacrifice of a child by the Tonga islanders to appease their god, offended by sacrilege. After

the child had been strangled, the body was placed upon a sort of handbarrow, supported on the shoulders of four men, and carried in a procession of priests, chiefs, and matabooles clothed in mats, with wreaths of green leaves round their necks. Again, when Finow went to perform the ceremony of *toogi* at the grave of his father at Mafanga, the burial-place of the greatest Tonga chiefs from time immemorial, he and the several chiefs and matabooles who accompanied him, put on mats made of the leaves of the *ifi* tree, and wreaths of the same round their necks in token of respect and humility, before they approached the grave to lay the *cava* root on it. This same chief Finow, when his daughter, to whom he was passionately attached, died, and when her body, washed and anointed, and laid in a large cedar chest, had been strewn with wreaths of flowers, made for the purpose by her female attendants, issued an order forbidding any one to appear at her burial wearing a wreath of *ifi* leaves. Instead, he required every one to wear a wreath of flowers as if dressed for an occasion of rejoicing. At the *indachi*, a kind of first-fruits festival, all the Tonga men and women who walked in the procession wore wreaths of flowers. And certainly, flowers were not lacking at marriages. Then the guests, both men and women, wore them as well as the bride.

II.

THE Chechemecas and other peoples of Anuach held flowers to be the most pleasing offerings, next after human sacrifices, they could make to their deities. Indeed, when their religion was limited to the worship of the sun and moon, their sacrifices consisted solely of the herbs and flowers they found springing in the fields, together with fruits and copal; and it was not until the example of the Aztecs familiarized them with the barbarous practice, that they sought to propitiate their gods by the destruction of human life.

The sacrificial observances of the Aztecs or Mexicans were most elaborate: in addition to human victims they offered animals, birds, and flowers in the special worship of special divinities. Thus quails and

falcons were sacred to the god Huitzilopochtli; to the sun also they made a daily offering of quails; hares, rabbits, and deer were sacrificed to the god Mixcoatl; and to Tlaloe and Coatlicue they consecrated the first-blown flowers of the season. In the third month — about the beginning of April — the Xochemanqui, or those who traded in flowers, celebrated the festival of Coatlicue, the goddess of flowers. On this occasion the offerings consisted of curiously woven garlands, and it was forbidden to every one to smell the flowers of which they were composed, before their dedication to the goddess. A singular refinement of worship to exist side by side of the most revolting sacrifice of human life! At the feast of the great god Tzacatlipoca flowers formed a prominent feature in the ceremonies with which it was celebrated. Ten days before it, a priest wearing the badges that distinguished the god, issued from the temple, carrying a bunch of flowers in his hands, and a little flute made of clay, with which he summoned all the people to prayer; the sound of the flute, a very shrill one, was repeated every day until the festival itself, when the image of the god, bound with thick cords of wreaths of maize — emblematical of drought which the people sought to prevent — and with a garland on its head, was borne aloft in procession by priests. All the youths and virgins of the temple, as well as the nobles of the court, joined in the procession, having similar wreaths or *toxcatts* about their necks and in their hands. The lower area of the temple through which they passed was strewn with flowers and herbs, and when the idol was carried back to its altar the people made abundant offerings of gold, gems, flowers, feathers, animals, and food to it. The festival of Huixtocihuatl, the goddess of salt — there are salt mines in Mexico — was opened by a great dance of women, who, joined to one another by strings or cords of different flowers and wearing garlands of wormwood on their heads, moved in a circle round a female prisoner clothed in the habit of the idol of the goddess. This dance continued throughout the night, and on the following morning the dance of

the priests, which lasted the whole day with no other interruption than the sacrifice of prisoners, began. During it they held in their hands the beautiful yellow flowers called by the Mexicans *temporalxochitl*.* At sunset the sacrifice of the prisoner closed these strange rites. In the ninth month the second festival of Huitzilopochtli was kept, when, in addition to the usual ceremonies that marked the first, all the idols were adorned with flowers; not only those worshipped in the temples, but those likewise which were kept in houses for private devotion.

On, and during the first year after the death of a king, human sacrifices were numerous, but in each succeeding year on the anniversary of the funeral they were replaced by sacrifices of rabbits, butterflies, quails, and other birds, and by oblations of bread, wine, and copal flowers.

The great quantities of flowers required for the worship of their gods, both in temples and private oratories, stimulated, no doubt, the genius of the Mexicans for horticulture, which was eminently displayed in their famous floating gardens; but the purposes of worship were not the sole end that called for the exercise of their skill in the cultivation of flowers. Customs prevailed amongst them that prescribed the presentation of flowers at stated times to the king, the lords, ambassadors, and other persons of rank. Moreover, the great nobles themselves, who were privileged to enjoy the temporary use and profits of the *tecpantlalli* or crown lands, held these subject to a tribute of nosegays of flowers, and different kinds of birds, which they were bound to present to the king whenever they visited him. And with the exception of certain liabilities to repair and rebuild the royal palaces, and to assist in the cultivation of the royal gardens by directing the labors of the populace of their respective districts, the tenure of crown lands consisted of these tributes alone. One other use of flowers obtaining amongst the Mexicans deserves notice. It was customary, when a maiden,

destined from her infancy to the service of the gods, attained the age of sixteen or eighteen, for her parents to seek a husband for her, and, having found one, to request the permission of the *tehantihuatsin* to settle her in marriage. The request was accompanied by a studied address in which they thanked him for the care and attention he had bestowed on the education of their daughter, and also by a gift consisting of flowers, a number of quails on curiously varnished plates, and a quantity of copal and food. And now, with a brief quotation from the speech of one of the envoys to the perfidious Tezozomoc, illustrative of the simplicity of the regal insignia of the early Chechemecas, we will conclude our brief survey of Mexican flower usages. After the Toltecian envoy had spoken, his bold Chechemecan colleague thus addressed the tyrant: "I, my lord, may speak to you with greater confidence and liberty, as I am a Chechemeca, and address myself to a prince of my own nation who is a descendant of the great kings Xolotl, Nopaltzin and Tlotzin. You are not ignorant that those divine Chechemecas, your ancestors, set no value on gold or precious stones. They wore no other crown on their heads than a garland of herbs and flowers of the field, nor adorned themselves with any other bracelets than the stiff leather against which beat the string of their bow in shooting."

III.

THOSE who are familiar with Moore's "Hindu Pantheon" will remember a graceful outline representing Vishnu, reposing on the serpent Ceshu, willing and contemplating the creation of the world: the creative power Brahman is seen springing forth upon a lotus flower. In another plate, representing Sitā's reunion with Rāma after her fiery ordeal to satisfy the world of her chaste escape from the power of Rāvana, Rāma is seen throwing the chaplet of marriage round her neck, whilst from above the *pushpa-vrishti* or flower-rain, falls on both of them. The peculiar tenets of the Brahmin creed shown in these two pictures seem to offer at least a partial explanation of the lavish use of flowers in their religious rites by the fol-

* The *temporalxochitl*, or *chempas-cuhil* as the Spaniards call it, is known to the French as the *aillet d'Inde*, Indian carnation. It is very common in Mexico, where it is also called the "flower of the dead."

lowers of Brahma and Bouddha, and which indeed far exceeds that of even the Mexicans. Flowers and garlands, according to Sir J. Emerson Tennent, are introduced in their worship to the utmost extent. The atmosphere of the *wiharas* and temples, he says, is rendered oppressive with the perfume of champac and jessamine. And the shrines of the gods and the steps leading to the temples are thickly strewn with blossoms of the nagaha and the lotus, which it is the special duty of priests to renew daily. The traditions of the profuse employment of flowers at an early period are almost incredible. For instance, we read in the "*Mahdwanso*," the most renowned of Singhalese chronicles, that the Ruanwellé dagoba (it was two hundred and seventy feet high) was on one occasion festooned with garlands from pedestal to pinnacle till it resembled one uniform bouquet. At another time it and the lofty dagoba at Mihintala were buried under heaps of jessamine and other native flowers. A further idea of the extent of the practice may be gained from the list of the various religious edifices erected by Prakrama Bahu in different parts of his kingdom, likewise given in the "*Mahdwanso*." It enumerates one hundred and ninety-two rooms for the purpose of offering flowers. Fa Hian, the Chinese traveller, in the description of his pilgrimage through Buddhist kingdoms, speaks with the enthusiasm of a devotee of the wealth of flowers and perfumes with which the Singhalese paid homage to their god at the festival of the Mountain without Fear during his visit to Anarajapoor at the beginning of the fifth century. And native historians are said to allude constantly, as familiar incidents, to the profusion of flowers used on ordinary occasions, and to the formation by successive kings of innumerable gardens for the floral requirements of the temples. The capital was surrounded on all sides by flower gardens; and in such numbers that according to the "*Rājā-ratnacari*" one was to be found within a distance of four leagues in any part of Ceylon. In the same chronicle it is recorded that in the fifteenth century a king offered no less than 6,480,320 sweet-smelling flowers at the shrine of the Tooth. And the regulations of the temple at Dambadenia in the thirteenth century prescribed "every day an offering of one hundred thousand blossoms, and each day a different kind of flower." Even in the demon worship, which was the prevailing worship of the Singhalese before the introduction of Buddhism by Mahindo, flowers were

required. Sir J. Emerson Tennent in his work on Ceylon gives some curious facts about the *gok-bandema*, the consecration of trees, by means of wreaths of leaves, to different demons to insure their safety. To him also we are indebted for an account of the ceremonies performed by the *kattadias* or devil-priests. They take place on every domestic occurrence of joy or calamity, and are, he says, generally accomplished with observances so barbarous as to be the most revolting evidence still extant of the uncivilized habits of the Singhalese. In a case of sickness when the help of a devil-dancer is sought, an altar, decorated with garlands and flowers, is raised within sight of the dying man, who is directed to touch and dedicate to the evil spirit the wild flowers and rice and flesh prepared and laid upon it, as the *pidanceys* or offerings, to be made at sunset, at midnight, and in the morning. The *dewol-modoowa* — a ceremony that seemingly incorporates the worship of the whole host of infernal deities (the Singhalese have a demon or *sanne* for each form of disease), and that is celebrated on a big scale, and frequently in behalf of an entire village or district afflicted by cholera or the fever dreaded by the natives — is held in a *madoowa*, a temporary building constructed of branches and decorated with white cloths, where for seven successive days offerings are made of wild flowers and fruit, together with rice and money.

In one part of the marriage rite of the Hindoos — and a very complex rite it is — the officiating priest binds the hands of the bride and bridegroom together with a garland of flowers, like as the Armenians do; and when the bride has been formally given away and received, the garland is removed during the recital, by the father of the bride, of the *Gāyatri*, the holiest verse of the Vedas.

Prodigal of flowers in the worship of their gods, the Buddhists use them without stint for the service of the dead. When a little child, a child under two years of age, dies, the body is not burned, but decked with flowers they lay it in a grave whilst a priest chants the song of Yama. When an adult dies, the nearest relatives carry the corpse, washed, perfumed, and decked with wreaths of flowers, to the funeral pile, previously prepared and decorated with, strung and unstrung blossoms, at some spot in a forest or near water. After the burning of the body, an oblation of a funeral cake garlanded with fragrant flowers and betel leaves is made on a small altar placed near the door of

the deceased or close by running water. This is followed by further offerings of a lamp, water, and wreaths of flowers. On the last day of mourning, namely, on the tenth day, a fresh oblation is made of blossoms, *tita*, and water, succeeded by a still more elaborate one of perfumes, flowers, and durva grass. Then a funeral cake is offered, together with blossoms, perfumes, resin, and betel leaves, which the priest sprinkles with water and rice, saying meanwhile, "May the waters be auspicious, may the blossoms be sweet," etc. After these and various other ceremonies, the priest lights a lamp in honor of the deceased and goes to collect the ashes. Finally, the son or nearest relative of the dead man, accompanied by his kinsmen, proceeds to the burial ground bearing eight vessels filled with yet other offerings of flowers, roots, and such like things. In fact, turn where we will at the present day in any part of those vast countries where ancient Buddhism, unchanged through centuries that may now be reckoned by decades, still holds its sway, dominating one fourth of the human race—in Thibet and Tartary and China, the Flowery Empire, in Japan and Ceylon, in India, throughout the Oriental Archipelago—on every side floral offerings meet our view. Now almost concealing the wreck of ruined but still venerated shrines; now veiling the idols of a religion abhorrent to civilized nations in the grossness of its symbolism; or, better still, softening with their living beauty the sad aspect of the cities of the dead, and again and again bearing witness to the undying belief in a future life.

In a formal treatment of our subject it would be impossible to leave this part of it without special mention of the flower customs of the land of Zoroaster. But as it is, I must content myself with simply repeating, for the benefit of those who did not see it when it was made some twelve months since, Dr. George Birdwood's communication to the *Athenæum* on "Persian Flower Worship:"—

Very beautiful is the Persian love for flowers. In Bombay I found the Parsees use the Victoria Gardens chiefly to walk in, "to eat the air"—"to take a constitutional," as we say. Their enjoyment of it was heartily animal. The Hindu would stroll unsteadfastly through it, attracted from flower to flower, not by its form or color, but its scent. He would pass from plant to plant, snatching at the flowers and crushing them between his fingers as if he were taking snuff. His pleasure in the flowers was utterly sensual. Presently a true Persian, in flowing robe of blue, and on his head his

sheepskin hat—"black, glossy, curl'd, the fleece of Kar-Kal"—would saunter in, and stand and meditate over every flower he saw, and always as if half in vision. And when the vision was fulfilled and the ideal flower he was seeking found, he would spread his mat and sit before it until the setting of the sun, and then pray before it, and fold up his mat again and go home. And the next night, and night after night, until that particular flower faded away, he would return to it, and bring his friends in ever-increasing troops to it, and sit and play the guitar or lute before it, and they would all together pray there, and after prayer still sit before it, sipping sherbet, and talking the most hilarious and shocking scandal late into the moonlight; and so again and again every evening until the flower died. Sometimes, by way of a grand *finale*, the whole company would suddenly rise before the flower and serenade it together with an ode from Hafiz and depart.

IV.

IN spite of what has been urged against it, it is difficult to avoid seeing something more than a mere accidental resemblance in the ceremonial and symbolical use of the lotus by the Egyptians and the Hindoos. And the very fact that the flower was, with the former, a symbol of Nofra Atmoo, the defender and protector of the world, is of itself evidence, notwithstanding what has been said to the contrary, that it was held in veneration by the worshippers of Isis and Osiris as well as by the votaries of Boudha,—evidence that is strengthened by representations of the infant deity Ehōou, the god of day, rising from a lotus flower; and by those of the final judgment scene before Osiris seated on his throne, attended by Isis and Nephthys, with the four genii of Amenti standing on a lotus flower in front: all of which recall more or less the peculiar features of Hindoo worship already noticed.

The Egyptians were great gardeners. And they used flowers, both those they cultivated and those that did not require their care, in every circumstance of life. When an Egyptian approached a place of divine worship, he invariably held the flower of the agrostis or lotus in his hand; and examples of the custom are so numerous, so unmistakable, so perfect, on sepulchral tablets and other Egyptian monuments of antiquity, as to render Diodorus's account of it quite unnecessary as a source of information. Oblations of flowers were a distinctive and striking feature amongst the costly gifts of gold and silver vessels, jewels, robes, precious ointments and perfumes, that the Egyptians used to make to their gods. Sometimes a single blossom

without any other kind of gift was offered; or the oblation consisted of carefully arranged bouquets of prescribed form, made of the papyrus or lotus only: or it was formed of a variety of flowers, those most grateful or useful to man being chosen as most acceptable to the gods. The papyri at the British Museum furnish admirable illustrations of this rite. For instance, the papyrus of Mutemna, priestess of Amen-Ra; or, better, that of Ta-ma, with vignettes of several chapters of the "book of the dead," or "ritual." But the papyrus of Mutnetem, a queen, lent by the Prince of Wales, is perhaps the most interesting and the most beautiful of all the papyri now to be seen there. It, like that of Ta-ma, represents an image of Re or Ra, but the altar of the god piled up with lotus blossoms and other offerings is much larger than that in the Ta-ma, and the offerings, from the perfect state of preservation of the papyrus and the brightness of the colors, are as clear and as distinct as if they had been painted but yesterday. Sometimes wreaths and garlands were laid upon the altars, or the statues of the gods were crowned with them: an observance, Pliny tells us, most faithfully maintained by Ptolemæus. The helichrysos was in great request for these wreaths, both on account of its beautiful golden color and because it does not fade. At the annual and solemn festival of the shrines, mentioned by Diodorus,* and likewise on the Rosetta stone,† flowers were specially required, not only to decorate the shrines and the statues of the gods carried in procession, but also for the sacrificial ceremonies that followed, and which, when the king happened to be present, it was his privilege to perform. On such occasions he was frequently accompanied by the queen holding a sistrum in one hand, and in the other a bouquet of flowers made in a form peculiar to the rite.

The Egyptians believed the soul to be not only immortal, but a portion of the divine essence that after death and judgment was, if found unsullied by its habitation in the flesh, again united to the Deity of which it was an emanation; hence, they worshipped their dead with divine honors, that is, they made oblations to them similar to the ordinary oblations in honor of the gods; and they hailed them with the hallowed name of Osiris. In ad-

dition to such public rites, private commemorations were constantly made by priests on altars set up for the purpose in the buildings where mummies were kept till they were consigned to the tomb. They consisted of libation and of offerings, including flowers and fruit. In the interval between embalmment and burial, social feasts were likewise held in honor of the dead, at which the guests, relatives and friends of the deceased were decked with flowers.

As regards military triumphs, we find that, on returning from war, the army as it passed through Egypt was met at each of the principal cities by a concourse of people, headed by the priests and chief men of the place bearing garlands, bouquets, and palm branches, to welcome its return. At the general thanksgiving in the principal temple of the city that followed their return to the capital, the soldiers — who to a man were obliged to take part in the ceremony, and to return thanks for the victories they had gained, as well as for their personal preservation — though they did not have flowers, carried each one in his hand a twig of some tree, supposed to be the olive or bay, which was ultimately laid on one of the altars of sacrifice.

Their keen appreciation of variety in trees and flowers led the Egyptians to exact contributions of rare specimens from tributary nations; and plants figure among the presents brought by foreigners to Egyptian kings. Their passion for flowers, was still further exhibited in the paintings of their walls; floral forms were woven in their textile fabrics; and indeed, whatever they wished to ornament they ornamented with them. Nay, according to Pliny, they even made artificial flowers, hence called *Egyptiæ*; and Pliny's affirmation has been confirmed by recent discoveries in tombs.

Wreaths and chaplets for personal adornment were in common use amongst the Egyptians at a very early period; and though the lotus was preferred for the purpose, many other flowers and leaves were employed — such as the chrysanthemum, acinon, acacia, *Strychnus persoluta*, anemone, convolvulus, olive, bay-tree and others. We have it on the authority of Plutarch, that when Agesilaus, king of Sparta, visited Egypt, he was so delighted with the chaplets of papyrus sent him by the king, that he took some home with him. At social entertainments, as soon as the ceremony of anointing with precious unguents was over, a lotus flower was presented to each guest, who held it in his or

* . . . ἐν ταῖς πανηγύρεσι τῶν ναῶν ἀνακομιζόμενον εἰς ὅρος ἀνθεσι παντοίοις ὑπὸ τῶν ἱερέων καταστρωμένον. — Lib. i., cap. 97.

† Line 42 of the Greek text.

her hand during the feast. Servants next brought necklaces of flowers, chiefly of the lotus; and if we bear in mind that this was done as a mark of respect, the suggestion that Pharaoh simply observed the custom in kingly fashion when he put a chain of gold round Joseph's neck, will not seem fanciful, as it otherwise might. A garland was also put round the head, to which a single lotus bud or a full-blown flower was so attached as to hang down the very centre of the forehead. Sometimes a cluster of blossoms occupied the place of the single bud or blossom. Lotus flowers made up into wreaths and other devices were suspended on stands placed about the room, or separately they were set in *amphora* or jars ready for immediate use: whilst servants were constantly employed to bring other flowers fresh from the garden to supply the guests anew, as their bouquets and garlands faded; attendants too were employed to hold flowers for the guests to smell. They sometimes crowned the bowl with wreaths of flowers; and a vase filled with blossoms of the lotus was, Sir G. Wilkinson says, frequently placed on a stand before the master of the house, or presented to him by an attendant. All, or nearly all, of these special characteristics of the social life of the Egyptians are to be found in the mural paintings from Thebes, forming part of the collection of Egyptian antiquities in the British Museum; and last year Mr. Long, in his "Egyptian Feast," recalled some of them, though he has certainly given them less prominence than they received at the hands of Theban artists.

V.

THERE is comparatively little mention by Jewish authors of the use of flowers by the Hebrews for either religious or other purposes. Still there is sufficient to show that what they loved pre-eminently in parable and simile, they, like other Oriental nations, did not fail to turn to direct account in times of public and private rejoicing. The bloody sacrifices and holocausts, of the Mosaic dispensation necessarily lessened, if they did not altogether dispense with, opportunities for their sacrificial use; and indeed it seems doubtful whether in the adornment of victims, and at the great festival of first fruits, they formed a regular, or at all events a conspicuous feature of the ceremonial. In the Mischna mention is made of the wreath of olive set on the head of the ox that went before the bearers of first fruits to Jerusalem, to be offered a sacrifice of

peace; but there is no express notice of garlands, such as occurs of the pagan use of them in the chapter of the Acts of the Apostles describing how the people of Lystra would sacrifice to Paul and Barnabas as gods, and the "priest of Jupiter that was before the city bringing oxen and garlands [*ταύρους καὶ στέμματα*], would have offered sacrifice with them." Again, much is said of the crowning of the first fruits: ". . . et quando propius accedebant Jerusalem, mittebant ad eos qui coronabant primitiva." One commentator, interpreting these words, "et coronabant primitiva eorum," says, "Id est, adornabant, conjugentes ficus et uvas recentes cum fribus siccis et passis, quas eo modo adducebant; si vero omnes erant recentes, indicium erat bonitatis et præstantiæ, adornantes eas botris uvarum." And the reason given for the need of the *coronatio recentibus* is, that often fresh figs and grapes would not bear the long journey those distant from Jerusalem had to make, and that consequently the more excellent offering of fresh fruit was added to the dried as they neared the city, "præstantiores ostendebant superius." But what really constituted the *primitiarum coronatio* is a much-disputed point. Spencer in his elaborate treatise on the Hebrew ritual says that there is scarcely any point in the whole Mischna that the Jewish rabbis have studied with greater labor and less effect to explain than this. He himself inclines to the opinion that various modes of crowning the first fruits, including wreaths and garlands of flowers, obtained amongst them, on the ground that various forms of crowning for the various conditions of first-fruit offerings obtained among contemporary heathen nations, whose *coronatio primitiarum* consisted sometimes of a heaping up of the first fruits in the form of a crown; at other times of a crown properly so called, or garlands of flowers set on the top or around the first fruits. They held it to be a pious and religious act to crown all things having regard to religious worship. "Sacrificantes id quod Diis offerebant, vel acceptum etiam referebant, coronabant." In proof of the antiquity of the crowning of victims by the Jews, Spencer quotes the following passage from Philo Judæus on Nadab and Abihu: "Fire went forth from heaven and consumed all things that were on the altar, victims and chaplets, *δουλοτάματα καὶ τὰ στέμματα*." In the rites observed at the Feast of the Tabernacles, where naturally we should expect a distinct mention of flowers, there is none. This is the more remarkable, because the

omission cannot arise from a lack of appreciation of their beauty and the pleasure to be derived from them. The Hebrews possessed it, and at times showed it to a degree that surpassed even the intensity of Hellenic sensuousness. A famous passage in the Second Book of Wisdom is an instance in point: "Let us fill ourselves with costly wine and ointments, and let not the flower of the time pass by us. Let us crown ourselves with roses before they be withered. Let no meadow escape our riot. . . . Let us everywhere leave tokens of our joy." The twenty-eighth chapter of Isaiah furnishes another argument that they indulged in extravagances similar to those of the Greeks: "Woe to the crown of pride, to the drunkards of Ephraim, and to the fading flower the glory of his joy, who were on the head of the fat valley, staggering with wine. The crown of pride of the drunkards of Ephraim shall be trodden under feet. And the fading flower, the glory of his joy who is on the head of the fat valley, shall be as a hasty fruit before the ripeness of autumn."

The fact that a woman did or did not wear a myrtle wreath at her marriage—the myrtle wreath was probably of much later origin than the *golden city*—was, in the event of her widowhood or divorce, a matter of great importance to her; on it often depended the amount of her *ketubah* or jointure. It is laid down in the Mishna that "a woman who becoming widowed or divorced asserts, As a virgin I was married, while he [the husband or his heir] asserts, No! as a widow thou wast married, in her case should there be evidence to prove that she went to be married in a myrtle wreath and with her hair flowing, her *ketubah* is two hundred dinar." In the same code, amongst the cases in which men were to be believed should they offer to testify, when grown up, to what they have seen while children, occurs the following: "A man is to be believed who affirms . . . I remember that the woman A. B. went forth to be married with a myrtle wreath and flowing hair." Consequently she was married as a virgin, and entitled to a *ketubah* of two hundred dinar. The *ketubah* of a widow was only a *maneh*, namely, one hundred dinar. During the war with Vespasian bridegrooms' crowns were prohibited by special decree. And in the war with Titus a decree was passed prohibiting brides' crowns. Opinions differ as to which of the various crowns worn by a bridegroom were touched by the decree. Some rabbis maintained that those only made of crystal or bdellion were

meant; others contended that the decree included both these and those of myrtle and roses, and that wreaths of reeds or plaited rushes alone were allowed, "*ex cannis aut junco plectebantur*;" others again maintained that every kind was forbidden. The decree concerning the crown worn by a bride apparently had regard only to the very ancient one called the *golden city*.

Flowers were used by the Jews in times of public rejoicing and when they wished to show marked honor to individual persons. They knew too that the custom existed among other nations. Witness the reception of Holofernes by the people of Syria and Mesopotamia and Libya and Cilicia in the book of Judith: "And so great a fear lay upon all those provinces, that the inhabitants of all the cities, both princes and nobles as well as the people, went out to meet him at his coming, and received him with garlands and lights and timbrels and flutes. And though they did these things they could not for all that mitigate the fierceness of his heart." It is moreover said that Judith crowned herself with lilies when she set out for the tent of Holofernes, because the Jews held the lily to counteract all witchcraft and enchantments. But Grotius thinks that the lilies of Judith hung from her neck; and from the context they were evidently gold ornaments. When she returned, "all the women of Israel ran together to see her and blessed her and made a dance among them for her, and she took a thyrsus in her hand and gave others to the women that were with her, and they wore crowns of olive both she and her companions, and she went before all the people in the dance, leading all the women, and all the men of Israel followed wearing their arms, with garlands, and singing hymns."* Tirinus remarks that here we have a picture or figure of Christian processions, "with pomp of vestments, flowers, branches, music, lights, arms, and solemn movements, since every creature must praise the Creator." And Calmet, commenting on the same passage, says that crowns of olive for women are so rare, that this is the only example related of the Hebrews. Then Philo Judæus, in his celebrated epistle to Caius Cæsar, reminds the emperor of how, after his visit to Jerusalem, his grandfather Marcus Agrippa was conducted down to the sea by the people, not of one city only, but of all the

* The Vulgate edition of Judith is translated from the Chaldean. The ancient Greek version, which I have chiefly followed, is more diffuse.

country, *οὐχ ὑπὸ μιᾶς πόλεως, ἀλλ' ὑπὸ τῆς χάρας ἀπάσης*, strewing the road with branches of flowers on account of his piety. And, finally, Josephus relates that Jaddus, overwhelmed with terror at the approach of Alexander and his army, the night after sacrifice was admonished by God in a dream to take courage, and after adorning the city with garlands, to open the gates, himself and the priests dressed in their priestly habits, attended by persons in white clothes, and to go to meet them, without any fear or apprehension, relying on his providence. Upon this admonition he was roused out of his sleep and seemed extremely rejoiced, after which he told the revelation to all, and having performed everything as he had been ordered in his dream, he waited for the king's arrival.

VI.

Θάλλει δ' οὐρανίας ὑπ' ἄχνας
ὁ καλλιβοτρυς κατ' ἡμᾶρ ἕλει
νάρκισσος, μεγάλαιν θεαῖν
ἄρχαιον στεφάνωμ'.*

THE exquisite chorus of Sophocles from which these lines are taken gives at once the most beautiful description of Colonus and the key to customs that entered more deeply into Greek life than they entered into the life of any of the peoples I have named. If the ancient coronet of the mighty goddesses themselves was formed of the narcissus, what offerings more pleasing than offerings of flowers could their suppliants make them? Greek and Roman alike, it would seem, thought none, and so back into far-distant times we trace them. The *στέμματα* borne by Chryses in honor of far-darting Apollo, when he went to ransom his daughter, are supposed to designate a garland of flowers; and it was evidently held in great veneration from the words of Agamemnon harshly dismissing the old man: "Let me not find thee at the hollow barks, either now loitering or hereafter returning, lest the staff and garland of the god avail thee not [*Μὴ νύ τοι οὐ χραίσμῃ σκήπτρον καὶ στέμμα θεοῦ*], for her I will not set free." Again, in the "Suppliants" of Æschylus, the suppliant girl reminds the king to "pay religious regard to the stern of the ship (the city) with a crown on it," *Αἰδοῦ σὲ πρύμναν πόλεως ὧδ' ἐστεμμένην*, meaning the altar with its garland or suppliant bough. In the

* And ever day by day the narcissus with its beautiful clusters, the ancient coronet of the mighty goddesses, bursts into bloom by heaven's dew. — *Ædipus Coloneus*.

"Birds" of Aristophanes, Pisthetairus bids the priest, "Begone from us both you and your garlands, for I alone will sacrifice this myself." And in his "Peace," Tyrgæus announces, "The basket is ready containing coarse barley and a garland and a knife; and see here is a fire too, and nothing detains us but the sheep." During the ninth year of the Peloponnesian War, Thucydides relates, the temple of Juno at Argos was burned down in consequence of Chrysis, the priestess, having set a lighted torch near the garlands, and fallen asleep afterwards. The garlands all caught fire, and the mischief was irremediable before she perceived it. Garlands once offered were left hanging on the altars after they had faded. On the setting out of the sacred "mission ship" from Athens to Delos, the ship was solemnly consecrated to Apollo by a chaplet placed on the stem at the moment of starting. This practice was closely connected with the delay in carrying out the sentence of death passed on Socrates, as all who know the celebrated passage at the beginning of Plato's "Phædo" will remember. And who does not recollect, —

*Ipsa Paphum sublimis abit, sedesque revisit
Læta suas, ubi templum illi centumque Sabæo
Thure calent aræ, sertisque recentibus halant;*
or again, —

*Nos delubra deûm miseri, quibus ultimus
esset
Ille dies, festa velamus fronde per urbem.*

And the altar to the manes of the unhappy Polydore decked with leaden-colored wreaths and gloomy cypress;

Cæruleis mœstæ vittis atraque cupresso.

And Anchises when he made libation for a safe voyage wreathed the bowl;

*Tum pater Anchises magnum cratera corona
Induit, implevitque mero, divosque vocavit.*

In Virgil too the ill-starred Dido calls the attention of her sister to the ships with their sterns crowned with garlands ready for departure,

Puppibus et læti nautæ imposuere coronas,
who herself was wont to garland her husband's marble shrine

Velleribus niveis et festa fronde revinctum,
and who also wreathed her own funeral pyre;

*Intenditque locum sertis, et fronde coronat
Funerea.*

As a good instance of the votive use of chaplets I may cite the twelfth satire of Juvenal. Catullus, threatened with a shipwreck, vows offering to the gods: he is saved, and they are made.

Ite igitur, pueri, linguis animisque faventes,
Sertaque delubris, et farra imponite cultris,
Ac molles ornatu focos, glebamque virentem.
Jam sequar, et sacro, quod præstat, rite peracto
Inde domum repetam, graciles ubi parva corona-

Accipiunt fragili simulacra nitentia cera.

At the second of the Arateia, the sacrifices offered by command of the oracle twice every year at Sicyon in honor of Aratus, all the senators assisting wore garlands. And the Greeks and Romans, like the Aztecs, dedicated particular flowers to individual deities. We have seen that the narcissus belonged to the mighty goddesses; the poppy was also sacred to Ceres; Venus had her anemone; Hera the lily; Artemis the myrtle; and Sappho crowns the Muses with Pierian roses. At the celebration of the rites of Ceres, her priestess was wont to carry poppies in her hand: "Forthwith she [Ceres] likened herself to Niceppe, whom the State had appointed her public priestess, and she grasped in her hand the fillets and poppies, and kept her key on her shoulders."* From Ovid's "History of Sacrifice" we get another point of resemblance between the primitive sacrifices of the people of Anuach and Mexico and those of early classical times. In the old days, he says, the knife of the present day had no employment in the sacred rites. The altar used to send forth its smoke contented with Sabine herbs, and the laurel was burned with no crackling noise. If there was any one who could add violets to the chaplets wrought from the flowers of the meadow, he was a rich man.

About two years ago considerable excitement was created in archæological circles by the discovery in Rome of the ancient Porta Fontinalis on the very spot on which, in 1825, Stephano Piale, in a series of lectures, with marvellous sagacity sought to establish its site. The gate took its name from the festival of the fountains—"Fontinalia fontium sacra unde et Romæ Fontinalis porta"—a high day and holiday of regal Rome. "Fontinalia festus erat dies Romæ, quo in fontes coronas projiciebant, puteosque coronabant, ut a quibus pellucidos liquores ad restinguendam sitim acciperent, iisdem

gratiam referre hoc ritu viderentur." Any one who visits our own Dorsetshire coast at the beginning of the fishing season may still witness a survival of the old pagan custom of crowning the waters; not, it is true, as a thank-offering, like the Fontinalia for benefits bestowed on the thirsty, but as a propitiatory offering to obtain food for the hungry. The fishermen of Weymouth, on the first of May, put out to sea to cast on the waves garlands which they take with them for the purpose. And this survival is but another link in the chain that connects us with the yet more primitive practice of the red Indian, who secures a safe passage across Lake Superior or down the Mississippi, by gifts of precious tobacco, which he wafts to the great spirit of the flood on the bosom of its waters.

Examples of Greek and Roman reverence for the dead bearing upon our subject are so numerous that it is no easy matter to select from amongst them. They crowd upon us. When a Greek died, the nearest female relatives—not a hireling or stranger such as the Roman *pollinctor*—assembled to perform the last offices. Having placed the *obolus* in the mouth of the dead, and washed and anointed the body with precious perfumes and clothed it in a splendid white garment, they crowned the head with flowers of the season, *τοῖς ὑπαιαῖς ἀνθεσι*. In addition to this, the Romans sometimes covered the couch on which the dead body lay with leaves and flowers. It was likewise a universal custom for the relatives and friends of one just dead, especially if the deceased was young, to carry wreaths of flowers to the house or place of burial of such a one. At the *χρῶα*, the ceremony at the grave, libations of milk, honey, water, wine, and offerings of flowers and olives, were made; and after burial the grave was constantly crowned and adorned with wreaths. When Atossa, in the "Persians" of Æschylus, filled with terror, sought to allay her fears by bearing propitiatory offerings, "things which are soothing charms to the dead," to the tomb of Darius, the sire of her child, she took with her wreathed flowers, children of the all-teeming earth, *ἄνθη πλεκτὰ παμφόρον γαίης τέκνα*. And Chrysothemis, when she bore her own and Electra's offerings to their father's grave, saw "from the top of the mound fresh running streams of milk, and my sire's grave garlanded all around with every flower that grows." A beautiful picture of filial piety, *καὶ περιστεφῇ κύκλῳ πάντων δῶ' ἐστὶν ἀνθῶν θήκην πατρός*. And the complaint of Petala to Simmalion,

* Hymn to Demeter (Callimachus).

in the epistles of Alciphron, plainly shows how special was the dedication of flowers to the dead: "I have a lover who is a mourner, not a lover: he sends me garlands and roses as if to deck a premature grave, and he says he weeps through the livelong night." From Anacreon it would appear that the rose was thought to possess a peculiar virtue for the dead:—

τὸδε καὶ νεκροῖσιν ἀρχεῖ
τὸδε καὶ νεκροῖς ἀμύνει.

Moreover, the springing of flowers from the tomb of the dead was welcomed as an earnest of their happiness; and it was the universal wish that the tombstones of departed friends might be light to them, and that a perpetual springtide of all kinds of sweet flowers might encircle their graves. And so we read in the Greek Anthology: A lad still in the first period of youth, still wanting the down of a beard, had envious fate deprived of life; and thou deity with an evil eye hast cut unholy hopes, how great, from him, who has left many works of a wise hand. But do thou, Earth, be kind, and lightly lie upon Aquilinus; and mayest thou produce sweet-scented flowers by his side, such as thou bearest amongst the Arabians and such as are amongst the Indians. Again: May many flowers grow on this newly-built tomb: not the dried-up bramble nor the noxious ægipyrus, but violets and marjoram and the narcissus growing in water; and around thee, Vibius, may all roses grow.

It is scarcely necessary to do more than name the Feralia, the Parentalia, the Dies Violare of the Romans. Every one knows about them; and besides they closely resemble the Greek rites just noticed. The Romans were strict in their observance of them; and even the hateful Caracalla, when he visited Achilles' grave, laid garlands of flowers upon it. And when he himself died, to the great joy of his people, some were found who for a long time afterwards decked his tomb with spring and summer flowers: "Non defuerunt, qui per longum tempus vernis æstivisque floribus tumulum ejus ornavant." And Antonius dying begged to have roses scattered on his tomb,—

Manibus est imis rosa grata, et grata sepulchris,
Et rosa flos florum.

So too Ovid, writing from the land of his exile, prayed his wife: "But do you perform the funeral rites for me when dead, and offer chaplets wet with your tears. Although the fire shall have changed my

body into ashes, yet the sad dust will be sensible of your pious affection." The "sad dust" of the cultured Roman poet, by the way, will scarcely bear comparison with the conception of the Tahitian savage. Scipio Serapio was the only person who ever received after death from the Roman people the honor of a *sparsio florum*. He died in his tribuneship greatly beloved by the people. The property he left was found to be insufficient to pay the expenses of his burial, whereupon the people made a subscription to defray them; and when the body was borne to the grave, flowers were scattered upon it from every quarter ("*e prospectu omni*"). Only the other day Francis Deak died, and it was almost impossible to read the accounts of the way in which his countrymen showed their love for him, without being carried back to the funeral of the Roman tribune.

The Romans certainly surpassed every nation in the number and variety of their chaplets. And though the civic and martial crowns conferred by the general voice of the army or citizens were for the most part composed solely of leaves or grass, and so bear indirectly only on our present inquiry, no triumph appears to have been complete without a plentiful use of flowers, the *florum foliorumque sparsio*. But though the Greeks were surpassed by the Romans in the number and variety of chaplets, they were not surpassed by them in the use of flowers for every purpose on occasions of military and civic rejoicing: the very name, *φύλλοβολάμενον*, given to those they wished to single out for the special favor of the people, owes its origin to the use. When Brasidas went to Scione, the inhabitants received him with every mark of honor. They publicly crowned him with a crown of gold as the liberator of Greece, while individually they decked him with garlands and thronged to him as to a victorious athlete.* The youthful Commodus as he drew near to Rome, on succeeding his father, was met by all the Roman nobles with laurels in their hands and all kinds of flowers that the season afforded. And they strewed all the way before him with flowers and garlands.† The last semblance of a triumph in Rome was accorded to Narses in A.D. 554, when his soldiers with garlands in their hands chanted the praises of the conqueror.

It is hard to assign any year or period when the use of chaplets at meals, or rather at the symposium, was first intro-

* Thucydides.

† Herodianus.

duced. At one time festal chaplets were unquestionably considered incompatible with sobriety of character, and, among the Romans, he who appeared with one in public was liable to severe punishment. The flower-sellers and chaplet-makers had an extensive trade, and at Athens a quarter of the market was devoted to them, τὸ στεφανηπλόκιον, called also αἱ μύρβιναι because the chaplets were for the most part composed of myrtle sprays interwoven with other flowers. At the μύρβιναι chaplets were sold ready-made, or orders were received for them for the symposia. The most celebrated chaplet-maker of antiquity was Glycera, who frequently challenged Pausias the painter to surpass in painting her weaving of flowers. His Στεφανηπλόκος, a witness to the truth of their traditional contests, was still extant in Pliny's time. All kinds of flowers were used for the chaplets, but the rose, the king of flowers (βασιλεὺς τῶν ἀνθεῶν), ranked highest. Hence the Demos in Aristophanes' "Knights" is to be ἐστεφανωμένος ῥόδοις. Violet chaplets were in great favor with the Athenians, whence the name ἰοστέφανοι. Alcibiades went to Agathos crowned with ivy and violets: "... the voice of Alcibiades, who was very drunk, was heard in the court bawling very loud and asking, Where is Agathos? and ordering a slave to lead him to Agathos. The flute-player, therefore, and some others of his followers, supported him towards Agathos, and he stood at the door crowned with a garland of ivy and violets, and having very many fillets on his head, and exclaiming: All hail, my friends! Either receive as a fellow tippler a man very drunk, or let us depart after crowning Agathos alone, for which purpose I have come." It was usual to distribute the chaplets after supper and immediately before the symposium; so, in Plutarch's banquet, supper being now ended, Melissa (queen of Corinth) distributed the garlands, and we offered libations. It frequently devolved upon the host to provide them; the ancient custom alluded to by Ovid, and according to which each guest took his own garland ("*vina dabit liber, tulerat sibi quisque coronam*"), not being uniformly adhered to. Often (or, according to some, generally) the wreaths were handed round repeatedly during the same entertainment. In the neighborhood of Pandosia it was considered disreputable to wear purchased flowers at festivals. The Greek fashion of wearing a garland (σποδυμῆς) round the neck, as well as on the head, was not common with the Romans. Cicero, however, men-

tions it. And Ovid, too, in his description of the visit of the younger Tarquinius and his companions to the palace: "*ecce murum regis fuscis per colla coronis inveniunt.*"* In the course of time the dietetic virtue of the wreath, upheld by Tryphon the physician in Plutarch's "Symposium," was lost sight of at Rome, and wreaths were appreciated solely as cheerful ornaments and symbols of festivity, and gave occasion to many a joke and game, such as the *bibere coronas*. The bridal wreath, στεφάνος γαμήλιον, was composed of flowers plucked by the bride herself: to buy flowers for the purpose was of ill omen. The Roman *corona nuptialis* was generally formed of verbenas, also gathered by the bride. And the bridegroom wore a chaplet, and the doors of his house and the bridal couch were made gay with garlands. At Cato's second marriage, these customs were dispensed with, because "fate was now summoning him to the war; still a solitary union pleased him, and nuptials devoid of empty pomp, and the admission of the gods alone as witnesses of the solemnities. No festive garlands hang from the wreath-bound threshold, and no white fillet runs along the two doorposts, etc."

I have already referred to the Roman laws against the indiscriminate use of garlands. They were most rigorous, and the breach of them was attended with severe punishment. L. Fulvius, a banker, having been accused and found guilty, at the time of the Second Punic War, of looking down from the balcony of his house with a chaplet of roses on his head, was imprisoned by order of the Senate, and was not liberated before the war was brought to a close, a period of sixteen years. A great contrast to the license of the Greeks, instanced in the well-known story of Polemon. The case of P. Munatius is another example of Roman severity. Munatius, for having crowned himself with flowers taken from the statue of Marsyas, was condemned by the Triumviri to be put in chains. Upon his making appeal to the tribunes of the people, they refused to intercede in his behalf. It was by wreathing the statue of this same god, Marsyas, that Julia caused the bitterest grief to her father, the emperor Augustus. Horace mentions a use to which flowers were put in his time that hitherto we have not come across: in the theatre the stage was covered with them, —

Recte necte crocum floresque perambulet Attæ.

* Fast. ii. 739. See also Tibullus, l. vii. 52: —

"Et capite et collo mollia sarta gerat."

This may have incited Cleopatra to receive Antonius at one of her banquets in an apartment strewn with rose-leaves to a considerable depth, as the custom of festal chaplets prompted her to give him a horrible proof of her crafty spirit; and procured for us one of the most dramatic incidents of her life, and one that will stamp the character of the Egyptian queen, and mark the nature of her relations with the Roman triumvir, as long as the remembrance of her history endures. Shortly before the battle of Actium, Antonius had grown so distrustful of Cleopatra that he dreaded her very attentions, and would not even touch food until another had first tasted it. The queen, wishing, it was said, to amuse herself with his fears, but more probably desirous of displaying her resource, her power, had the tips of the flowers of a chaplet dipped in poison and then placed it upon her head. When the feast was at its highest she challenged Antonius to swallow the chaplet with his wine—it should be borne in mind that the more luxurious Romans were not satisfied with a banquet unless the petals of roses were swimming in their Falernian wine even in mid-winter. The leaves were stripped from off the wreath and thrown into the cup, and Antonius, oblivious of all apprehension of treachery, was on the very point of drinking, when Cleopatra arrested him with her hand and said, "Behold, Marcus Antonius, the woman against whom you are so careful to take these new precautions in employing your tasters. And if I could exist without you, would either means or opportunity of effecting my purpose be wanting to me?" She then ordered a man to be brought from prison and made to drink off the potion. It was done, and he fell dead upon the spot.

It is unnecessary to follow the changes that heathen rites and customs in connection with our present subject underwent at the transforming touch of Christianity, and to note how the use of flowers was at a very early date adopted by the Christians in connection with their religious and social celebrations, as it is easy enough to trace the survival, or revival, or independent growth, in this nineteenth century and in our own country, of most of the primitive and ancient customs that have just passed before us. For instance, we need not now go to France on the first of November for the Parentalia, the Dies Violaris of the old Romans; and our recent law reports furnish evidence that the use of flowers in religious worship is upheld with a resolu-

tion not displayed by even the Aztecs or Singhalese, the Egyptians or Greeks. But, though in our social life we have emulated the luxury of classic times in many things, we certainly have not yet gone so far as to need a Tertullian to write another "*De Coronâ*."

A. LAMBERT.

SIR GIBBIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

AUTHOR OF "MALCOLM," "THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE,"
ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE EARRING.

"COME oot o' the gutter, ye nickum!" cried, in harsh, half-masculine voice, a woman standing on the curbstone of a short, narrow, dirty lane, at right angles to an important thoroughfare, itself none of the widest or cleanest. She was dressed in dark petticoat and print wrapper. One of her shoes was down at the heel, and discovered a great hole in her stocking. Had her black hair been brushed and displayed, it would have revealed a thready glitter of grey, but all that was now visible of it was only two or three untidy tresses that dropped from under a cap of black net and green ribbons, which looked as if she had slept in it. Her face must have been handsome when it was young and fresh; but it was now beginning to look tattooed, though whether the color was from without or from within, it would have been hard to determine. Her black eyes looked resolute, almost fierce, above her straight, well-formed nose. Yet evidently circumstance clave fast to her. She had never risen above it, and was now plainly subjected to it.

About thirty yards from her, on the farther side of the main street, and just opposite the mouth of the lane, a child, apparently about six, but in reality about eight, was down on his knees raking with both hands in the gray dirt of the kennel. At the woman's cry, he lifted his head, ceased his search, raised himself, but without getting up, and looked at her. They were notable eyes out of which he looked—of such a deep blue were they, and having such long lashes; but more notable far from their expression, the nature of which, although a certain witchery of confidence was at once discoverable, was not to be determined without the help of the whole face, whose diffused meaning seemed in

them to deepen almost to speech. Whatever was at the heart of that expression, it was something that enticed question and might want investigation. The face as well as the eyes was lovely—not very clean, and not too regular for hope of a fine development, but chiefly remarkable from a general effect of something I can only call *luminosity*. The hair, which stuck out from his head in every direction, like a round fur cap, would have been of the red-gold kind, had it not been sunburned into a sort of human hay. An odd creature altogether the child appeared, as, shaking the gutter-drops from his little dirty hands, he gazed from his bare knees on the curb-stone at the woman of rebuke. It was but for a moment. The next he was down, raking in the gutter again.

The woman looked angry, and took a step forward; but the sound of a sharp imperative little bell behind her, made her turn at once, and re-enter the shop from which she had just issued, following a man whose pushing the door wider had set the bell ringing. Above the door was a small board, nearly square, upon which was painted in lead-color on a black ground the words, "Licensed to sell beer, spirits, and tobacco to be drunk on the premises." There was no other sign. "Them 'at likes my whusky 'ill no aye be speerin' my name," said Mistress Croale. As the day went on she would have more and more customers, and in the evening on to midnight, her parlor would be well filled. Then she would be always at hand, and the spring of the bell would be turned aside from the impact of the opening door. Now the bell was needful to recall her from house affairs.

"The likin' 'at cratur's his for clean dirt! He's been at it this hale half-hour!" she murmured to herself as she poured from a black bottle into a pewter measure a gill of whisky for the pale-faced toper who stood on the other side of the counter: far gone in consumption, he could not get through the forenoon without his *morning*. "I wad like," she went on, as she replaced the bottle without having spoken a word to her customer, whose departure was now announced with the same boisterous alacrity as his arrival by the shrill-toned bell—"I wad like, for's father's sake, honest man! to thraw Gibbie's lug. That likin' for dirt I canna fathom nor bide."

Meantime the boy's attention seemed entirely absorbed in the gutter. Whatever vehicle passed before him, whatever foot-steps behind, he never lifted his head, but

went creeping slowly on his knees along the curb still searching down the flow of the sluggish, nearly motionless current.

It was a grey morning towards the close of autumn. The days began and ended with a fog, but often between, as golden a sunshine glorified the streets of the grey city as any that ripened purple grapes. To-day the mist had lasted longer than usual—had risen instead of dispersing; but now it was thinning, and at length, like a slow blossoming of the sky-flower, the sun came melting through the cloud. Between the gables of two houses, a ray fell upon the pavement and the gutter. It lay there a very type of purity, so pure that, rest where it might, it destroyed every shadow of defilement that sought to mingle with it. Suddenly the boy made a dart upon all fours, and pounced like a creature of prey upon something in the kennel. He had found what he had been looking for so long. He sprang to his feet and bounded with it into the sun, rubbing it as he ran upon what he had for trousers, of which there was nothing below the knees but a few streamers, and nothing above the knees but the body of the garment, which had been—I will not say made for, but last worn by a boy three times his size. His feet, of course, were bare as well as his knees and legs. But though they were dirty, red, and rough, they were nicely shaped little legs, and the feet were dainty.

The sunbeams he sought came down through the smoky air like a Jacob's ladder, and he stood at the foot of it like a little prodigal angel that wanted to go home again, but feared it was too much inclined for him to manage the ascent in the present condition of his wings. But all he did want was to see in the light of heaven what the gutter had yielded him. He held up his *find* in the radiance and regarded it admiringly. It was a little earring of amethyst-colored glass, and in the sun looked lovely. The boy was in an ecstasy over it. He rubbed it on his sleeve, sucked it to clear it from the last of the gutter, and held it up once more in the sun, where, for a few blissful moments, he contemplated it speechless. He then caused it to disappear somewhere about his garments—I will not venture to say in a pocket—and ran off, his little bare feet sounding *thud, thud, thud* on the pavement, and the collar of his jacket sticking half-way up the back of his head, and threatening to rub it bare as he ran. Through street after street he sped—all built of granite, all with flagged footways, and all paved with

granite blocks—a hard, severe city, not beautiful or stately with its thick, grey, sparkling walls, for the houses were not high, and the windows were small, yet in the better parts nevertheless, handsome, as well as massive and strong.

To the boy the great city was but a house of many rooms, all for his use, his sport, his life. He did not know much of what lay within the houses; but that only added the joy of mystery to possession: they were jewel-closets, treasure-caves, indeed, with secret fountains of life; and every street was a channel into which they overflowed.

It was in one of quite a third-rate sort that the urchin at length ceased his trot, and drew up at the door of a baker's shop—a divided door, opening in the middle by a latch of bright brass. But the child did not lift the latch—only raised himself on tiptoe by the help of its handle, to look through the upper half of the door, which was of glass, into the beautiful shop. The floor was of flags, fresh sanded; the counter was of deal, scrubbed as white almost as flour; on the shelves were heaped the loaves of the morning's baking, along with a large store of scones and rolls and baps—the last, the best bread in the world—biscuits, hard and soft, and those brown discs of delicate flaky piecrust, known as buns. And the smell that came through the very glass, it seemed to the child, was as that of the tree of life in the Paradise of which he had never heard. But most enticing of all to the eyes of the little wanderer of the street were the penny loaves, hot-smoking from the oven—which fact is our first window into the ordered nature of the child. For the main point which made them more attractive than all the rest to him was, that sometimes he did have a penny, and that a penny loaf was the largest thing that could be had for a penny in the shop. So that, lawless as he looked, the desires of the child were moderate, and his imagination wrought within the bounds of reason. But no one who has never been blessed with only a penny to spend and a mighty hunger behind it, can understand the interest with which he stood there and through the glass watched the bread, having no penny and only the hunger. There is at least one powerful bond, though it may not always awake sympathy, between mudlark and monarch—that of hunger. No one has yet written the poetry of hunger—has built up in verse its stairs of grand ascent—from such hunger as Gibbie's for a penny loaf up—no, no, not to an alder-

man's feast; that is the way down the mouldy cellar-stair—but up the white marble scale to the hunger after righteousness whose very longings are bliss.

Behind the counter sat the baker's wife, a stout, fresh-colored woman, looking rather dull, but simple and honest. She was knitting, and if not dreaming, at least dozing over her work, for she never saw the forehead and eyes which, like a young ascending moon, gazed at her over the horizon of the opaque half of her door. There was no greed in those eyes—only much quiet interest. He did not want to get in; had to wait, and while waiting beguiled the time by beholding. He knew that Mysie, the baker's daughter, was at school, and that she would be home within half an hour. He had seen her with tear-filled eyes as she went, had learned from her the cause, and had in consequence unwittingly roused Mrs. Croale's anger, and braved it when aroused. But though he was waiting for her, such was the absorbing power of the spectacle before him that he never heard her approaching footsteps.

"Lat me in," said Mysie, with conscious dignity and a touch of indignation at being impeded on the very threshold of her father's shop.

The boy started and turned, but instead of moving out of the way, began searching in some mysterious receptacle hid in the recesses of his rags. A look of anxiety once appeared, but the same moment it vanished, and he held out in his hand the little drop of amethystine splendor. Mysie's face changed, and she clutched it eagerly.

"That's rale guid o' ye, wee Gibbie!" she cried. "Whaur did ye get it?"

He pointed to the kennel, and drew back from the door.

"I thank ye," she said heartily, and pressing down the thumbstall of the latch, went in.

"Wha's that ye're colloquin' wi', Mysie?" asked her mother, somewhat severely, but without lifting her eyes from her *wires*. "Ye maunna be speykin' to loons i' the street."

"It's only wee Gibbie, mither," answered the girl in a tone of confidence.

"Ou weel!" returned the mother, "he's no like the lave o' loons."

"But what had ye to say till him?" she resumed, as if afraid her leniency might be taken advantage of. "He's no fit company for the likes o' you, 'at his a father an' mither, an' a chop (*shop*). Ye maun hae little to say to sic rintheroot laddies."

"Gibbie has a father, though they say he never hid nae mither," said the child.

"Troth, a fine father!" rejoined the mother, with a small scornful laugh. "Na, but he's something to mak mention o'! Sic a father, lassie, as it wad be tellin' him he had nane! What said ye till 'im?"

"I bit thankit 'im, 'cause I tint my drop as I gaed to the schuil i' the mornin', an' he fan't till me, an' was at the chop-door waitin' to gie me't back. They say he's aye fin'in' things."

"He's a guid-hertit cratur!" said the mother, "—for ane, that is, 'at's been sae ill brought up."

She rose, took from the shelf a large piece of bread, composed of many adhering penny loaves, detached one, and went to the door.

"Here, Gibbie!" she cried as she opened it; "here's a fine piece to ye."

But no Gibbie was there. Up and down the street not a child was to be seen. A sandboy with a donkey-cart was the sole human arrangement in it. The baker's wife drew back, shut the door, and resumed her knitting.

CHAPTER II.

SIR GEORGE.

THE sun was hot for an hour or two in the middle of the day, but even then in the shadow dwelt a cold breath — of the winter, or of death — of something that humanity felt unfriendly. To Gibbie, however, bare-legged, bare-footed, almost bare-bodied as he was, sun or shadow made small difference, except as one of the musical intervals of life that make the melody of existence. His bare feet knew the difference on the flags, and his heart recognized unconsciously the secret as it were of a meaning and a symbol, in the change from the one to the other, but he was almost as happy in the dull as in the bright day. Hardy through hardship, he knew nothing better than a constant good-humored sparring with nature and circumstance for the privilege of being, enjoyed what came to him thoroughly, never mourned over what he had not, and, like the animals, was at peace. For the bliss of the animals lies in this, that, on their lower level, they shadow the bliss of those — few at any moment on the earth — who do not "look before and after, and pine for what is not," but live in the holy carelessness of the eternal *now*. Gibbie by no means belonged to the higher order, was as yet, indeed, not much better than a very blessed little animal.

To him the city was all a show. He knew many of the people — some of them who thought no small things of themselves, better than they would have chosen he or any one else should know them. He knew all the peripatetic vendors, most of the bakers, most of the small grocers and tradespeople. Animal as he was, he was laying in a great stock for the time when he would be something more, for the time of reflection, whenever that might come. Chiefly, his experience was a wonderful provision for the future perception of character; for now he knew to a nicety how any one of his large acquaintance would behave to him in circumstances within the scope of that experience. If any such little vagabond rises in the scale of creation, he carries with him from the street an amount of material serving to the knowledge of human nature, human need, human aims, human relations in the business of life, such as hardly another can possess. Even the poet, greatly wise in virtue of his sympathy, will scarcely understand a given human condition so well as the man whose vital tentacles have been in contact with it for years.

When Gibbie was not looking in at a shop-window, or turning on one heel to take in all at a sweep, he was oftenest to be seen trotting. Seldom he walked. A gentle trot was one of his natural modes of being. And though this day he had been on the trot all the sunshine through, nevertheless, when the sun was going down there was wee Gibbie upon the trot in the chilling and darkening streets. He had not had much to eat. He had been very near having a penny loaf. Half a cookie, which a stormy child had thrown away to ease his temper, had done further and perhaps better service in easing Gibbie's hunger. The green-grocer-woman at the entrance of the court where his father lived, a good way down the same street in which he had found the lost earring, had given him a small yellow turnip — to Gibbie nearly as welcome as an apple. A fish-wife from Finstone with a *creel* on her back, had given him all his hands could hold of the sea-weed called *dulse*, presumably not from its sweetness, although it is good eating. She had added to the gift a small crab, but that he had carried to the sea-shore and set free, because it was alive. These, the half-cookie, the turnip, and the dulse, with the smell of the baker's bread, was all he had had. It had been rather one of his meagre days. But it is wonderful upon how little those rare natures capable of making the most of things will live and

thrive. There is a great deal more to be got out of things than is generally got out of them, whether the thing be a chapter of the Bible or a yellow turnip, and the marvel is that those who use the most material should so often be those that show the least result in strength or character. A superstitious priest-ridden Catholic may, in the kingdom of heaven, be high beyond sight of one who counts himself the broadest of English churchmen. Truly Gibbie got no fat out of his food, but he got what was far better. What he carried — I can hardly say under or in, but along with those rags of his, was all muscle — small, but hard and healthy and knotting up like whipcord. There are all degrees of health in poverty as well as in riches, and Gibbie's health was splendid. His senses also were marvellously acute. I have already hinted at his gift for finding things. His eyes were sharp, quick, and roving, and then they went near the ground, he was such a little fellow. His success, however, not all these considerations could well account for, and he was regarded as born with a special luck in finding. I doubt if sufficient weight was given to the fact that, even when he was not so turning his mind it strayed in that direction, whence, if any object cast its reflected rays on his retina, those rays never failed to reach his mind also. On one occasion he picked up the pocket-book a gentleman had just dropped, and, in mingled fun and delight, was trying to put it in its owner's pocket unseen, when he collared him, and, had it not been for the testimony of a young woman who, coming behind, had seen the whole, would have handed him over to the police. After all, he remained in doubt, the thing seemed so incredible. He did give him a penny, however, which Gibbie at once spent upon a loaf.

It was not from any notions of honesty — he knew nothing about it — that he always did what he could to restore the things he found; the habit came from quite another cause. When he had no clue to the owner, he carried the thing found to his father, who generally let it lie a while, and at length, if it was of nature convertible, turned it into drink.

While Gibbie thus lived in the streets like a town-sparrow — as like a human bird without storehouse or barn as boy could well be — the human father of him would all day be sitting in a certain dark court, as hard at work as an aching head and a bloodless system would afford. The said court was off the narrowest part of a long,

poverty-stricken street, bearing a name of evil omen, for it was called the Widdiehill — the place of the gallows. It was entered by a low archway in the middle of an old house, around which yet clung a musty fame of departed grandeur and ancient note. In the court, against a wing of the same house, rose an outside stair, leading to the first floor; under the stair was a rickety wooden shed; and in the shed sat the father of Gibbie, and cobbled boots and shoes as long as, at this time of the year, the light lasted. Up that stair, and two more inside the house, he went to his lodging, for he slept in the garret. But when or how he got to bed, George Galbraith never knew, for then, invariably, he was drunk. In the morning, however, he always found himself in it — generally with an aching head, and always with a mingled disgust at and desire for drink. During the day, alas! the disgust departed, while the desire remained, and strengthened with the approach of evening. All day he worked with might and main, such might and main as he had — worked as if for his life, and all to procure the means of death. No one ever sought to treat him, and from no one would he accept drink. He was a man of such inborn honesty, that the usurping demon of a vile thirst had not even yet, at the age of forty, been able to cast it out. The last little glory-cloud of his origin was trailing behind him — but yet it trailed. Doubtless it needs but time to make of a drunkard a thief, but not yet, even when longing was at the highest, would he have stolen a forgotten glass of whisky; and still, often in spite of sickness and aches innumerable, George labored that he might have wherewith to make himself drunk honestly. Strange honesty! Wee Gibbie was his only child, but about him or his well-being he gave himself almost as little trouble as Gibbie caused him! Not that he was hard-hearted; if he had seen the child in want, he would, at the drunkest, have shared his whisky with him; if he had fancied him cold, he would have put his last garment upon him; but to his whisky-dimmed eyes the child scarcely seemed to want anything, and the thought never entered his mind that, while Gibbie always looked smiling and contented, his father did so little to make him so. He had at the same time a very low opinion of himself and his deservings, and justly, for his consciousness had dwindled into little more than a live thirst. He did not do well for himself, neither did men praise him; and he shamefully neglected

his child; but in one respect, and that a most important one, he did well by his neighbors: he gave the best of work, and made the lowest of charges. In no other way was he for much good. And yet I would rather be that drunken cobbler than many a "fair professor," as Bunyan calls him. A grasping merchant ranks infinitely lower than *such* a drunken cobbler. Thank God, the Son of Man is the judge, and to him will we plead the cause of such — yea, and of worse than they — for he will do right. It may be well for drunkards that they are social outcasts, but is there no intercession to be made for them — no excuse to be pleaded? Alas! the poor wretches would storm the kingdom of peace by the inspiration of the enemy. Let us try to understand George Galbraith. His very existence the sense of a sunless, dreary, cold-winded desert, he was evermore confronted, in all his resolves after betterment, by the knowledge that with the first eager mouthful of the strange element, a rosy dawn would begin to flush the sky, a mist of green to cover the arid waste, a wind of song to ripple the air, and at length the misery of the day would vanish utterly, and the night throb with dreams. For George was by nature no common man. At heart he was a poet — weak enough, but capable of endless delight. The time had been when now and then he read a good book, and dreamed noble dreams. Even yet the stuff of which such dreams are made, fluttered in particular rags about his life; and color is color even on a scarecrow.

He had had a good mother, and his father was a man of some character, both intellectually and socially. Now and then, it is too true, he had terrible bouts of drinking; but all the time between he was perfectly sober. He had given his son more than a fair education; and George, for his part, had trotted through the curriculum of Elphinstone College not altogether without distinction. But beyond this his father had entirely neglected his future, not even revealing to him the fact — of which, indeed, he was himself but dimly aware — that from wilful oversight on his part and design on that of others, his property had all but entirely slipped from his possession.

While his father was yet alive, George married the daughter of a small laird in a neighboring county — a woman of some education, and great natural refinement. He took her home to the ancient family house in the city — the same in which he now occupied a garret, and under whose

outer stair he now cobbled shoes. There, during his father's life, they lived in peace and tolerable comfort, though in a poor enough way. It was all, even then, that the wife could do to make both ends meet; nor would her relations, whom she had grievously offended by her marriage, afford her the smallest assistance. Even then, too, her husband was on the slippery incline; but as long as she lived she managed to keep him within the bounds of what is called respectability. She died, however, soon after Gibbie was born; and then George began to lose himself altogether. The next year his father died, and creditors appeared who claimed everything. Mortgaged land and houses, with all upon and in them, were sold, and George left without a penny, or any means of winning a livelihood, while already he had lost the reputation that might have introduced him to employment. For heavy work he was altogether unfit; and had it not been for a bottle companion — a merry, hard-drinking shoemaker — he would have died of starvation, or sunk into beggary.

This man taught him his trade, and George was glad enough to work at it, both to deaden the stings of conscience and memory, and to procure the means of deadening them still further. But even here was something in the way of improvement, for hitherto he had applied himself to nothing, his being one of those dreamful natures capable of busy exertion for a time, but ready to collapse into disgust with every kind of effort.

How Gibbie had got thus far alive was a puzzle not a creature could have solved. It must have been by charity and ministrations of more than one humble woman, but no one now claimed any particular interest in him — except Mrs. Croale — and hers was not very tender. It was a sad sight to some eyes to see him roving the streets, but an infinitely sadder sight was his father, even when bent over his work, with his hands and arms and knees going as if for very salvation. What thoughts might then be visiting his poor worn-out brain I cannot tell; but he looked the pale picture of misery. Doing his best to restore to service the nearly shapeless boots of carter or beggar, he was himself fast losing the very idea of his making, consumed heart and soul with a hellish thirst. For the thirst of the drunkard is even more of the soul than of the body. When the poor fellow sat with his drinking companions in Mistress Croale's parlor, seldom a flash broke from the reverie in which he seemed sunk, to show in what region of fancy his

spirit wandered, or to lighten the dullness that would not unfrequently invade that fore-court of hell. For even the damned must at times become aware of what they are, and then surely a terrible though momentary hush must fall upon the forsaken region. Yet those drinking companions would have missed George Galbraith, silent as he was, and but poorly responsive to the wit and humor of the rest; for he was always courteous, always ready to share what he had, never looking beyond the present tumbler — altogether a genial, kindly, honest nature. Sometimes, when two or three of them happened to meet elsewhere, they would fall to wondering why the silent man sought their company, seeing he both contributed so little to the hilarity of the evening, and seemed to derive so little enjoyment from it. But I believe their company was necessary as well as the drink to enable him to elude his conscience and feast with his imagination. Was it that he knew they also fought misery by investments in her bonds — that they also were of those who by Beelzebub would cast out Beelzebub — therefore felt at home, and with his own?

CHAPTER III.

MISTRESS CROALE.

THE house at which they met had yet not a little character remaining. Mistress Croale had come in for a derived worthiness, in the memory, yet lingering about the place, of a worthy aunt deceased, and always encouraged in herself a vague idea of obligation to live up to it. Hence she had made it a rule to supply drink only so long as her customers *kept decent* — that is, so long as they did not quarrel aloud, and put her in danger of a visit from the police; tell such tales as offended her modesty; utter oaths of any peculiarly atrocious quality; or defame the Sabbath Day, the Kirk or the Bible. On these terms, and so long as they paid for what they had, they might get as drunk as they pleased, without the smallest offence to Mistress Croale. But if the least unquestionable infringement of her rules occurred, she would pounce upon the shameless one with sudden and sharp reproof. I doubt not that, so doing, she cherished a hope of recommending herself above, and making deposits in view of a coming balance-sheet. The result for this life so far was, that, by these claims to respectability, she had gathered a *clientele* of dounce, well-disposed drunkards, who rarely gave her any trouble so long as they were in the house,

though sometimes she had reason to be anxious about the fate of individuals of them after they left it.

Another peculiarity in her government was that she would rarely give drink to a woman. "Na, na," she would say, "what has a wuman to dee wi' strong drink! Lat the men dee as they like, we canna help *them*." She made exception in behalf of her personal friends; and, for herself, was in the way of sipping — only sipping, privately, on account of her "trouble," she said — by which she meant some complaint, speaking of it as if it were generally known, although of the nature of it nobody had an idea. The truth was that, like her customers, she also was going down the hill, justifying to herself every step of her descent. Until lately, she had been in the way of going regularly to church, and she did go occasionally yet, and always took the yearly sacrament; but the only result seemed to be that she abounded the more in finding justifications, or, where they were not to be had, excuses, for all she did. Probably the stirring of her conscience made this the more necessary to her peace.

If the Lord were to appear in person amongst us, how much would the sight of him do for the sinners of our day? I am not sure that many like Mistress Croale would not go to him. She was not a bad woman, but slowly and surely growing worse.

That morning, as soon as the customer whose entrance had withdrawn her from her descent on Gibbie, had gulped down his dram, wiped his mouth with his blue cotton handkerchief, settled his face into the expression of a drink of water, gone demurely out, and crossed to the other side of the street, she would have returned to the charge, but was prevented by the immediately following entrance of the Rev. Clement Sclater — the minister of her parish, recently appointed. He was a man between young and middle-aged, an honest fellow, zealous to perform the duties of his office, but with notions of religion very beggarly. How could it be otherwise when he knew far more of what he called the divine decrees than he did of his own heart, or the needs and miseries of human nature? At the moment, Mistress Croale was standing with her back to the door, reaching up to replace the black bottle on its shelf, and did not see the man she heard enter.

"What's yer wull?" she said indifferently.

Mr. Sclater made no answer, waiting for

her to turn and face him, which she did the sooner for his silence. Then she saw a man unknown to her, evidently, from his white neckcloth and funeral garments, a minister, standing solemn, with widespread legs, and round eyes of displeasure, expecting her attention.

"What's yer wull, sir?" she repeated, with more respect, but less cordiality than at first.

"If you ask my will," he replied, with some pomposity, for who that has just gained an object of ambition can be humble?—"it is that you shut up this whisky shop, and betake yourself to a more decent way of life in my parish."

"My certie! but ye're no blate (*over-modest*) to caw sae lood i' my hoose, an' that's a nearer fit nor a perris!" she cried, flaring up in wrath both at the nature and rudeness of the address. "Alloo me to tell ye, sir, ye're the first 'at ever daured threep my hoose was no a dacent ane."

"I said nothing about your house. It was your shop I spoke of," said the minister, not guiltless of subterfuge.

"An' what's my chop but my hoose? Haith! my hoose wad be o' fell sma' consideration wantin' the chop. Tak ye heed o' beirin' fause witness, sir."

"I said nothing, and know nothing against yours more than any other shop for the sale of drink in my parish."

"The Lord's my shepherd! Wad ye even (*compare*) my hoose to Jock Thamsan's or Jeemie Deuk's, baith i' this perris?"

"My good woman, —"

"Naither better nor waur nor my neepers," interrupted Mistress Croale, forgetting what she had just implied: "a body maun live."

"There are limits even to that most generally accepted of all principles," returned Mr. Sclater; "and I give you fair warning that I mean to do what I can to shut up all such houses as yours in my parish. I tell you of it, not from the least hope that you will anticipate me by closing, but merely that no one may say I did anything in an underhand fashion."

The calmness with which he uttered the threat alarmed Mistress Croale. He might rouse unmerited suspicion, and cause her much trouble by vexatious complaint, even to the peril of her license. She must take heed, and not irritate her enemy. Instantly, therefore, she changed her tone to one of expostulation.

"It's a sair peety, doobtless," she said, "at there sud be sae many drouthie thrapples i' the kingdom, sir; but drouth maun

drink, an' ye ken, sir, gien it war hauden frae them, they wad but see deils an' cut their throats."

"They're like to see deils ony gait er' lang," retorted the minister, relapsing into the vernacular for a moment.

"Ow', 'deed maybe, sir! but e'en the deils themsels war justified i' their objection to bein' committed to their ain company afore their time."

Mr. Sclater could not help smiling at the woman's readiness, and that was a point gained by her. An acquaintance with Scripture goes far with a Scotch ecclesiastic. Besides, the man had a redeeming sense of humor, though he did not know how to prize it, not believing it a gift of God.

"It's true, my woman," he answered. "Ay! it said something for them, deils 'at they war, 'at they preferred the swine. But even the swine cudna bide them!"

Encouraged by the condescension of the remark, but disinclined to follow the path of reflection it indicated, Mistress Croale ventured a little farther upon her own:

"Ye see, sir," she said, "as lang's there's whisky, it wull tak the thro't-ro'd. It's the naithral w'y o' 't, ye see, to rin doon, an' it's no mainer o' use gangin' again natur. Sae, alloin' the thing maun be, ye'll hae till alloo likewise, an' it's a trowth I'm tellin' ye, sir, 'at it's o' nae sma' consequence to the toon 'at the drucken cratur sud fill themsels wi' dacency — an' that's what I see till. Gang na to the magistrate, sir; but as sune's ye hae gotten testimony — guid testimony though, sir — 'at there's been disorder or immorawltiy i' my hoose, come ye to me, an' I'll gie ye my han' to paper on't this meenute, 'at I'll gie up my chop, an' lea' yer perris — an may ye sune get a better i' my place. Sir, I'm like a mither to the puir bodies! An' gin ye drive them to Jock Thamsan's, or Jeemie Deuk's, it'll be just like — savin' the word, I dinna inten' 't for sweirin', guid kens! — I say it'll just be dammin' them afore their time, like the puir deils. Hech! but it'll come sune enuch, an' they're muckle to be peettied!"

"And when those victims of your vile ministrations," said the clergyman, again mounting his wooden horse, and setting it rocking, "find themselves where there will be no whisky to refresh them, where do you think you will be, Mistress Croale?"

"Whaur the Lord wulls," answered the woman. "Whaur that may be, I confess I'm whiles laith to think. Only gein I was

you, Maister Sclater, I wad think twice afore I made ill waur."

"But hear me, Mistress Croale: it's not your besotted customers only I have to care for. Your soul is as precious in my sight as any of which I shall have to render an account."

"As Mistress Bonniman's, for instance?" suggested Mrs. Croale, interrogatively, and with just the least trace of pawkiness in the tone.

The city, large as it was, was yet not large enough to prevent a portion of the private affairs of individuals from coming to be treated as public property, and Mrs. Bonniman was a handsome and rich young widow, the rumor of whose acceptableness to Mr. Sclater had reached Mistress Croale's ear before ever she had seen the minister himself. An unmistakable shadow of confusion crossed his countenance; whereupon, with consideration both for herself and him, the woman made haste to go on, as if she had but chosen her instance at merest random.

"Na, na, sir! what my sowl may be in the eyes o' my Maker, I hae ill tellin'," she said, "but dinna ye threip upo' me 'at it's o' the same value i' *your* eyes as the sowl o' sic a fine, bonny, winsome leddy as yon. In trowth," she added, and shook her head mournfully, "I haena had sae mony preevileeges; an' maybe it'll be seen till, an' me passed ower a wheen easier nor some fowk."

"I wouldn't have you build too much upon that, Mistress Croale," said Mr. Sclater, glad to follow the talk down another turning, but considerably more afraid of rousing the woman than he had been before.

The remark drove her behind the categorical stockade of her religious merits.

"I pey my w'y," she said, with modest firmness. "I put my penny, and whiles my saxeppence, intil the plate at the door when I gang to the kirk — an' I was jist thinkin' I wad win there the morn's nicht at farrest, whan I turnt an' saw ye stan'in there, sir; an' little I thought — but that's neither here nor there, I'm thinkin'. I tell as feow lees as I can; I never sweir, nor tak the name o' the Lord in vain, anger me 'at likes; I sell naething but the best whusky; I never hae but broth to my dinner upo' the Lord's day, an' broth canna brak the Sawbath, simmerin' awa upo' the bar o' the grate, an' haudin' no lass fra the kirk; I confess, gien ye wull be speirin', 'at I dinna read my buik sae often as maybe I sud; but, 'deed, sir, tho' I says't 'at sud haud my tongue, ye hae

waur folk i' yer perris nor Benjie Croale's widow; an' gien ye wunna hae a drap to weet yer ain whusle for the holy wark ye hae afore ye the morn's mornin, I maun gang an' mak my bed, for the lass is laid up wi' a bealt thoom, an' I maunna lat a' thing gang to dirt an' green bree; though I'm sure it's rale kin' o' ye to come to luik efter me, an' that's mair nor Maister Rennie, honest gentleman, ever did me the fawvor o', a' the time he ministered the perris. I haena an ill name wi' them 'at kens me, sir; that I can say wi' a clean conscience; an' ye may ken me weel gien ye wull. An' there's jist ae thing mair, sir: I gie ye my Bible-word, 'at never, gien I saw sign o' repentance or turnin' upo' ane o' them 'at pits their legs 'aneth my table — Wad ye luik intil the parlor, sir? No! — as I was sayin', never did I, sin' I keepit hoose, an' never wad I set myself to quench the smokin' flax; I wad hae no man's deith, sowl or body, lie at my door."

"Well, well, Mistress Croale," said the minister, somewhat dazed by this cataract he had brought upon his brain, and rather perplexed what to say in reply with any hope of reaching her, "I don't doubt a word of what you tell me; but you know works cannot save you; our best righteousness is but as filthy rags."

"It's weel I ken that, Mr. Sclater. An' I'm sure I'll be glad to see ye, sir, any time ye wad dee me the fawvor to luik in as ye're passin' by. It'll be none to yer shame, sir, for mine's an honest hoose."

"I'll do that, Mistress Croale," answered the minister, glad to escape. "But mind," he added, "I don't give up my point for all that; and I hope you will think over what I have been saying to you — and that seriously."

With these words he left the shop rather hurriedly, in evident dread of a reply.

Mistress Croale turned to the shelves behind her, took again the bottle she had replaced, poured out a large half-glass of whiskey, and tossed it off. She had been compelled to think and talk of things unpleasant, and it had put her, as she said, *a' in a trim'le*. She was but one of the many who get the fuel of their life in at the wrong door, their comfort from the world-side of the universe. I cannot tell whether Mr. Sclater or she was the farther from the central heat. The woman had the advantage in this, that she had to expend all her force on mere self-justification, and had no energy left for vain glory. It was with a sad sigh she set about the work of the house. Nor would it have comforted

her much to assure her that hers was a better defence than any distiller in the country could make. Even the whiskey itself gave her little relief; it seemed to scald both stomach and conscience, and she vowed never to take it again. But alas! this time is never the time for self-denial; it is always the next time. Abstinence is so much more pleasant to contemplate upon the other side of indulgence! Yet the struggles after betterment that many a drunkard has made in vain, would, had his aim been high enough, have saved his soul from death, and turned the charnel of his life into a temple. Abject as he is, foiled and despised, such a one may not yet be half so contemptible as many a so-counted respectable member of society, who looks down on him from a height too lofty even for scorn. It is not the first and the last only, of whom many will have to change places; but those as well that come everywhere between.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

FRENCH HOME LIFE.

THE IDEA OF HOME.

THE assertion that "languages are the expression of the genius of nations" is accepted by many of us as a vaguely approximate truth. We incline to recognize that national forms of speech are likely to be more or less indicative of national forms of character, and that the configuration of thought in different countries may possibly present some sort of connexion with the shape of the talk employed to disclose that thought. Yet, though we may own that this notion is admissible in principle, very few people would probably be inclined—if they knew their own mind—to go beyond a somewhat doubting adhesion to such a rule; and scarcely any of us would consent to accept the theory advanced by some enthusiastic philologists and historians, that language can be regarded as a reliable guide to the study and the determination of national tendencies and capacities. Who would seriously admit, for instance, after consideration, that because certain words are the exclusive property of certain languages, the ideas which those words convey must consequently be a similarly exclusive property of the nations which employ those languages? The fact of the existence of the words supplies, it is true, a *prima facie* proof that they were required, in the

lands in which we find them, in order to express a local thought; but the absence of equivalent words in other lands cannot reasonably be taken to constitute valid evidence of any corresponding absence of a similar thought elsewhere. We may perhaps safely assume, from the presence or absence of particular words in the dictionaries of certain peoples, that the need of a concrete and specific definition of particular sentiments has, from some endemic cause, been felt and been satisfied by one race and not by another; but surely we cannot grant more than that; for would it not be altogether contrary to our actual experience of the relative composition of national characters, to infer that the want of a word must necessarily imply any want of a correlative sentiment? The purely moral faculty of feeling a sentiment is, manifestly and incontestably, independent of the purely material faculty of demonstrating that sentiment by one word. To prove this, we have but to look at some of the most ordinary examples which lie before our eyes. Who would venture to pretend that the French are unable to distinguish between the feeling of "love" and the feeling of "like" because their language contains but one word to express both? Who would proclaim that no people but the Germans are capable of realizing the delightful notion of *gemütlich* because they alone amongst the nations possess the word? Who would assert that because we English can only say "new" and "number" we are therefore incompetent to see our way to the varying senses of *neuf* and *nouveau*, of *nombre* and *numéro*? Who would affirm that marriage exists entirely in England, but that it is practised only partially in France, and is utterly unknown in Germany, for the reason that we alone in the three countries possess the two special words "husband" and "wife" to describe the married state; while the French can only say *mari* and *femme*—husband and woman; and the Germans are reduced to the wretched epithets of *Mann* and *Frau*—man and woman? No—it cannot be seriously argued that reality of perception has any consanguinity with concision of definition, or that earnestness of sensation is in any way related to precision of description. On the contrary, it may be said, without exaggeration, that the most intense and the most emotional impressions of which human nature is susceptible, are precisely those which it is the most difficult to expound in specific terms.

These considerations are surely reason-

able, and yet our practice is not always in accord with them. Notwithstanding their apparent truth, we are not unfrequently disposed, in daily life, to let them get out of sight, and to think and to talk as if they had no existence. Are not a good many of us often confidently asserting, for instance — and this brings us to the subject which we are going to look at here — that "home" is an essentially English idea, because we fancy, in the negligence of our prejudices, that "home" is an essentially English word? Yet, in indulging this particular impression, we are not only acting in contradiction to the general principles which have just been indicated, but, furthermore, we are committing a material error, and are perpetrating a flagrant injustice: a material error, because the word "home" exists in the Teutonic and Scandinavian tongues as completely as it does in English; a flagrant injustice, because the idea of "home" is felt and realized, in varying degrees and forms, throughout a large part of the earth.

But if, recognizing our error and our injustice, we were to attempt, honestly, to repair the one and to atone for the other; and if, with that double object, we were to begin to look about us, outside our own shores, for other "homes" to which we could address excuses for having carelessly and impertinently forgotten their name and their existence, we should at once discover that several other nations besides ourselves are committing identically the same error, are perpetrating identically the same injustice, and are living, self-admiringly, in precisely the same unfounded, egotistical persuasion that they alone know "home." Throughout the German earth, in Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Iceland, we should find convictions on the question as fervent as our own. In all these lands an ineradicable popular belief exists that the indigenous word alone is capable of adequately expressing the deep, sweet, earnest thought it tells of, and that the thought itself is cherished and carried out there with a perfection which no other soil can imitate. Whether the word be *heim*, *hiem*, *hem*, or *heimr*, the faith in its unapproachable merit is equally profound; whatever be the latitude in which it is employed, the confidence in the exceptional completeness of its local form of application is equally unshakable. Each of the nations which are handling these rival nouns, is almost more convinced than even England is, that its own words and its own realization of it, are the only worthy ones, and that all emu-

lative candidatures — if indeed any such be possible at all — are mere paltry shams and empty imitations. Half-a-dozen countries claim a monopoly in the matter, just as we ourselves do; and this fact supplies some sort of excuse for our own prejudices, for it proves, at all events, that we are not alone in entertaining them.

But the fact does a good deal more than this. In showing us that we are surrounded by races which, like the English, insist that they alone can properly baptize and can thoroughly feel "home," they furnish striking evidence of the vast value which the people of those races attach to the idea which the word conveys. On that part of the subject they and we are unanimous; we all demonstrate, by the eagerness and the enthusiasm of our claim to be first, that we long with special fervor for victory in the competition.

It must, however, be borne in mind, that — so far as the mere word is concerned — that competition, ardent as it is, is limited to a relatively small area. Neither the Slav nor the Latin races take part in it, for the excellent reason that their tongues contain no term equivalent to "home." The word itself — the true word, the precise word — is the exclusive property of the British, German, and Scandinavian nations. Elsewhere there are but shadows of it. But though it is solely in the north-western corner of Europe that we can detect the word, it is not there alone that we can discover the idea which the word represents. The quarrel as to whether *heim* or "home," or any other similar or dissimilar sound, expresses best the full meaning of the thought, is, after all, an idle one. It rests on nothing, and can lead to no good end whatever. The true interest of the subject is not there. It lies, not in the relative merits of analogous syllables, but in the comparative intensities with which the sentiment itself is exhibited by different peoples. On this point, also, wide differences of opinion will be found all round us; but there are distinct facts to guide us, and discussion, consequently, becomes possible and useful.

The first of those facts which strikes us is that, though in its completest and highest material manifestations, "home" is, like the denomination which expresses it, an essentially northern product, the *notion* of home, as distinguished from its practice, is discernible in almost every land. That notion is not, and probably never has been, a product of cold or heat, of latitude or climate, of rank or wealth, of any natural or artificial cause, or of any accident of

country or position. It is the resultant of an almost universal need, the fruit of an almost universal yearning. And again, this need and this yearning must be as ancient as they are deep and general, for the word "home" was invented and used long before the time had come for the fulfilment of the idea which that pregnant word was destined one day to convey. All the designations of home which have been enumerated here are old — older certainly, by far, than any of the conditions on which the realization of the idea at present depends. We may presume from this that the longing for a home of some kind, however insufficient, was so inborn in men, that they took at once what they could get, and called it, in their trustful ignorance, by the admirable title which we now apply to a very different development of the same thought. Our actual perception of the meaning of the word is essentially modern; for "home" cannot be realized, as we have learned to view it now, without the aid of certain conditions which modern life alone has created. It probably existed, in the sense of which it was then susceptible, even when men had no lodging-place but a hollow tree or a hole in a rock; but its meaning has indeed changed since, for, in its full, present import, it signifies security, permanence, habit, comfort, and, furthermore, almost a sentiment of property. So long as those various components could not be grouped together, there could have been no "home" in our existing use of the word; there was a state which was described by the same name, but it was not the same state. Home — our home of to-day — cannot have had being while war and slavery were habitual accompaniments of life; it cannot have begun to assume a form until men had not only placed a solid roof over their heads, but had also ceased to fear either that enemies might burn that roof next day, or that masters might expel them from its cover. Some animals, perhaps, like bees and ants and beavers, may have always profoundly understood the real capacities of "home;" but humanity cannot have even suspected that the modern "home" was possible so long as durability and safety were unattained. Freedom and peace have been its father and mother. Those two conditions still constitute everywhere the essential foundations of "home;" but they are no longer sufficient by themselves; the present world wants more; the superstructure must be built with additional and different materials. So far, probably, everybody will agree with

everybody else; but here we reach a point at which we shall cease to be unanimous, for each of us has his own idea of the precise nature of the additional materials required. When once liberty and safety are secured, our desires begin to vary largely; each one of us has, more or less, to make his home for himself, according to his temperament and his means of action, and most varying are the shapes which the results present.

Their varieties are not, however, products of individual fancies exclusively; national influences have also a large share in their formation. The first great grouping into classes is indeed the work of national action alone; the division, by personal peculiarities and habits, into genera and species, comes in the second line. Different conceptions of the idea of "home" are expressed as national testimonies by the races of Europe, each one for itself, with a clearness which permits us to recognize the part which is essentially impersonal and public, in contradiction to what is individual and specific in each case. The evidence in the matter is everywhere so abundant, that an endeavor to determine the shape and character of the national practice of "home," as applied in any particular country, ought not to be very difficult to carry out. For instance, regarding the question, in each land, as a great local whole, and putting aside all shadings and all accidents, it is surely just to describe the English home, in its main outlines, as a massive fortress, which its occupiers defend against all comers; the German home as a woman's laboring-place, which offers but weak attractions to men; and the French home as a common ground of union, where all the members of a family, and each of their friends, find a seat awaiting them. There are exceptions everywhere in quantities; but who that knows and can compare the daily life of the English, the Germans, and the French, will deny the general accuracy of these rough definitions?

The idiosyncrasies of the French home — of the true typical French home, that is — are, taken as a whole, the most admirable in Europe. Of course there are weak points in them. Of course there are defects in the French system. Of course there are in France, as elsewhere, a mass of stupid, gloomy firesides, of all ranks, of all shades, and of all degrees, which are animated by no life, which present no interest or action, which offer neither character nor charm. But those are not the representative homes of France; those

are not illustrative examples of the idea of home as nationally realized in the land; those are the exceptions, not the rule. The national type of home, the national sentiment of home, the national use of home, are other. Nationally, amongst the French, home is a general meeting-spot for cheeriness and affection. How, indeed, could it be anything else with the character of the race? Home in France is made what it is by the temperament of the people, and by their special disposition to use and enjoy in common all the elements of satisfaction which they can accumulate by joint subscription. In England, the sharp severance into classes destroys the possibility of collective social action. In Germany the same difficulty exists, though in another form; and furthermore, women and men live virtually apart from each other there; each sex composes associations for itself in itself, and society, in its true sense, is a privilege of a limited upper category, and is nationally unknown. But in France there seems to be a vast unconscious partnership throughout the land for the rendering of life-pleasant — a federation which includes all persons — an alliance which unites all interests — a coalition which amalgamates all opinions — a league which utilizes all agencies, which profits by all accidents, which works in-doors and out-of-doors, which uses the homes as it uses the streets. Society, as it is conceived and realized in France, admits no obstacles to the demands of its all-comprehending activity; it accepts no refusals; it stands forward in its force as a recognized public necessity, as a valued public right; it knocks imperiously at all doors; it calls on the entire people to come out and participate in the common work; it insists that each and all shall aid in the universal labor, and shall contribute to the general end. And it does all this without the faintest notion that it is doing it. Under such conditions society in France most naturally denies to home the character of a special refuge or a favorite hiding-place; it contemptuously refuses to see in it a citadel for defence or a prison for enclosure; it indignantly despises it as a traitor to the common cause, if it persists in keeping its shutters closed. In the eyes of society home is but one of its workshops — a factory in which the tools are family affections and fireside ties, in which the materials fashioned are manners, thought, and language, and of which the special function is to produce implements adapted to social needs.

Sociableness is probably the most striking of the various characteristics of the French home; but it is surrounded by others which stand forward in almost equal evidence. The eager action of the women, the intensity of family union, the love and the constant pursuit of sensations and emotions, contribute largely to the end attained. Created and supported by causes so prolific as these, home exercises an enormous power in France: no other place competes with it; all classes recognize its influence; neither the wine-shop nor the club attracts the Frenchman away from it; he goes to it with a convinced contentment which is one of the marks of its value. But he does not enter it to shut himself up in it with his wife and children; he regards it, just as society does, not as a personal exclusive property of his own, in which no one else has a right to share, but as part of a collective social whole, and he, consequently, is unable to conceive that he would properly use it if he barred it up and wrote "No Admission for Strangers" on the gate. It might, indeed, be argued, without much exaggeration, that his disposition to unshroud his home to others as other homes are set before himself, is precisely one of the causes of the attraction which his own home exercises over him; its openness bestows upon it as many brightnesses and provides it with as many contacts as he can discover elsewhere, — and for that very reason he likes it and is proud of it. His home life is substantially identical, in character, in objects, and even in society, with all that life elsewhere can offer him; so, though he goes much elsewhere, he neither abandons nor despises home, for comparison shows him nothing better. He wishes it to be a hive in movement, adorned with all that animation, gaiety, and good fellowship can do for it; but he sees in it neither a sanctuary nor a stronghold.

And if the men view home after this fashion, the women regard it in the same light more clearly still, for the making of it is essentially their work. The men accept it, utilize it, and rejoice in it, but it is the women who construct it; and in no other of her functions does the typical character of the Frenchwoman exhibit itself more clearly, in no other of her efforts is her influence on her nation more easily discernible. The peculiar restlessness of her spirit finds a limitless field of action in her efforts to extend the influence of her home; her keen inventivity is unceasingly employed in the composition of new results from old causes, and in the obtain-

ing of varied pleasures without expenditure of money. Her demonstrative affectionateness receives abundant satisfaction from the community of her life with her relations and friends. As she usually abhors calm, and instinctively regards it as synonymous with stupidity, she naturally excludes it from her home, on the principle that any emotion is better than the absence of emotion. She regards activity and fertility of impressions as the indispensable basis of home life; she proclaims that *ennui* is the most dangerous enemy of that life; and what is *ennui* but "an afflicting sensation for want of a sensation"? So she takes especial care that there shall be no such want around her, and she establishes as the foremost principle of her action that both duty and interest oblige her to provide sensation for herself and for those who share her home. This situation is so absolutely unlike that which exists in England, that it may be useful to remember, in partial explanation of the difference, that, nationally, we English do not amuse ourselves; that, though our upper strata absorb pleasures in prodigious quantities, and with an intensity of eagerness for which no parallel can be found elsewhere, the people, as a whole, know scarcely anything of amusement, and contemplate it from afar as a class privilege which is beyond their reach. It could scarcely, indeed, be otherwise; for we regard amusement as a distinct and special process, as an operation requiring outside aid, as the evident result of a recognizable cause, and, more than all, as a product unattainable without a direct or indirect disbursement of money. Amusement in England has become, in its main aspects, a thing to be bought; it needs time, organization, and cash; so—for want of those conditions—the mass of the nation has to do without it. But in France, on the contrary, amusement is a universal birthright. In France it is not a process, it is a state; it is not an active operation, it is an instinctive sentiment; it is not the result of any cause whatever, it is a true example of spontaneous generation. The French need amusement, so they have it; it springs up everywhere around them; everything is a possible occasion for it; its sources abide in the nature of the race, its elements are in the people themselves; it is an internal capacity, not an external creation. And in this capacity lies the main explanation of the general brightness of their homes: it is it which enables the women to provide the abundant decoration of gaiety that orna-

ments the life of France; it aids to throw over the land the delightful aspect of social oneness which, in spite of class divisions, of political hates, of poverty and wealth, and of all the differences of characters, and tendencies, is still so striking and so evident to the foreign looker-on. The common necessity and the common capacity of amusement, and the universal disposition to extract amusement from the simplest and the most easily utilizable causes, create a bond which holds the entire race together.

With such a force at work in almost every house, it is but natural that all French homes should be very much like each other; that the same pattern should be reproduced in them abundantly; that their tone and objects should be substantially identical throughout the land; and that for this reason, again, in addition to those which have been already indicated, they should present a marked and recognizable national type. And the vividness of that type is rendered clearer still by two other causes—the intensity of the family tie, and the constant longing for emotional sensation. Allusion has been already made to each of them; but they merit further notice, for they contribute almost as much as the mutuality of association and of amusement to the building up of the French home.

Family union is generally felt and practised with such thoroughness in France that it constitutes one of the great levers of the life of the people. It is a union which includes all sorts of connections within its elastic grasp; which shuts out neither aunts nor brothers-in-law; which neglects neither collaterals, nor agnates, nor cognates; which puts forward attachment between persons of the same kin as a natural pleasure as well as a natural duty; and which—more wonderful than all—does not repudiate even poor relations. Its effect on homes is both to hold them together and to open them out; to extend the circle of their composition, and, simultaneously, to deepen the earnestness of their action. And, naturally, it adds largely to the national physiognomy of those homes by bestowing on them an amplitude of composition and a variety of ingredients which are but rarely found outside France, and by creating in them, consequently, a particular effect of largeness and comprehensiveness. This does not mean, of course, that one single roof habitually covers all the members of a family (though there are innumerable examples of accumulations of three genera-

tions in the same house), but that the separate homes of each of those members are regarded by them as a sort of joint possession in which the home sentiment is instinctively felt by each of them towards the others. And it is not pretended that the conditions which have just been indicated are universal, but only that they are general, and that they apply to the majority of cases. There are in France, as elsewhere, sons who quarrel with their fathers, brothers who hate their sisters, and husbands who abhor their wives; but still, the aspect of French hearths, as a whole, is one of striking unity and of wide-spreading, much-embracing sympathy.

The desire for sensation, which is common, in almost equal degrees, to both men and women, imports into the subject another characteristic of a still more local kind, for nowhere is the enjoyment and the research of sensation carried so far as it is in France. Indeed, its introduction into homes, its maintenance there as a useful and even a necessary aid of daily life, its employment as a dispeller of monotony and as a creator of constant novelties of impression, are so absolutely peculiar to France, that of all the elements which enter into the composition of the idea of home there, this one is, perhaps, the most exclusively national. Elsewhere emotions are usually regarded as somewhat out of place in homes; tranquillity of perception, and a certain unchangeableness of thought, are supposed, in other countries, to be inherent to home life. But in France the contrary system is applied. In France the danger of stupidity is so keenly felt, the destructive nature of its action on social intercourse is so distinctly recognized, that constant battle is kept up against every manifestation of its presence. The horror of dulness, of inertness, of impassibility, of silence, is so intense, that, by mere reaction from it, the admiration of susceptibility, of vivacity, of excitability, which is inborn in the race, is rendered stronger and deeper still.

Each of these forces, acting separately, would produce a marked influence on the life of the people; but as they are all working permanently and vigorously together, with harmony and without friction, the effect has become both universal and irresistible. The collective operation, on the most extended scale, of agencies of such a nature, has shaped the homes of France into the essentially national and local type which they present.

That type is singularly full of merits —

of such rare and real merits that all unprejudiced observers will recognize and proclaim them. But beside them stands the first of the defects of the system — the want of calm. Excitement is in the character of the race: we find it, in varying degrees, all over France, and in almost everything that the French do; but it strikes us with especial force when it glares at us in homes, because it is not possible to conceive the perfect idea of home without a certain quantity of repose, without occasional respite from ambitions, animations, and perturbations, without the sweet refreshment which is induced by tranquillizing contacts, by soothing affections, by stilling thoughts. Such rest would be easy to obtain in French homes, for, in almost all of them, its elements lie about in luxuriant abundance; but the nation's life and the nation's nature are hostile to the development of those elements, and only permit them to continue to exist on condition of hiding themselves, of remaining latent, of not presuming to struggle against the outside, and of never showing themselves in action excepting on rare occasions when the outside has consented, for an instant, to withdraw.

And yet this insufficiency of interiority, this non-realization of the notion of retreat, this perpetual sentiment of relationship with the world, which seem to foreigners to be so general in French homes, are not perceptible to the French themselves. For them, with their needs and habits, their homes are precisely what they ought to be. The French see nothing in their system that can be improved; and if they are satisfied, we have certainly no right to call upon them to change.

It is not, however, either with their eyes or with our own that we are looking, for the moment, at their homes. We are trying to consider them from an abstract point of view, — to apply to them an imaginary measure, and to determine, not whether they are defective for the French (we see clearly that they are not), but how far they come short of theoretical perfection — how far they fail to realize the ideal model. They reach so much nearer to it than any of their competitors, that it is mournful to see them fail to quite attain it. The homes of France possess, in the brilliant and attaching potentialities which have just been indicated, a larger perfection than we can discover elsewhere of the particular qualifications which enable the greatest number to participate in the greatest joy. Gaiety, intelligence, and joint action are applied in them to the

pursuit of happiness for all. Dulness, sadness, and all the forms of stupidity and *ennui* are combated in them. They offer a strangely wide development of family affections. And surely — whatever be the prejudices of other races in favor of other forms and of other functions of home — it cannot fairly be pretended either that similar capacities exist, or that similar results are attained in other lands.

Against these superiorities we have to set off two grave deficiencies, the want of calm being the foremost of them. And if a balance could be struck by simply measuring out the merits of joy and calm in their application to home, we might, each one of us, work out that part of the calculation according to our individual notion of psychological arithmetic. But the inquiry contains other elements. The entire theory of the modern home is engaged in it. The whole principle of the objects and the uses of home depends upon the reply which we may give to it. Should home be essentially a place of joy, or should it be essentially a place of rest?

The answer which most of us would incline to make is, probably — it should be both together, or each alternately, according to our shifting tempers and varying needs. But can it be so? And if the French have failed to render it so, is it possible that any other race can succeed where they, with all their powers, have left the work undone?

This question brings us face to face, in one bound, with the action of nationalities on home; for what are joy and rest in such a case but manifestations of a national idea, but expressions of a national need? What are they, to take a rough example, but echoes of the voice of France calling laughingly for the one, and of the speech of England asking gravely for the other? And these echoes lead us to the strange reflection that, as in France, the homes seem to reflect the dispositions of the women, so, in England, they appear to indicate the desires of the men. It is certainly the women who, in their hot pursuit of sensation, drive out calm in the one case, and, almost as assuredly, it is the men who claim it in the other. This exercise of the home-forming influence by one sex in France, and by the other sex in England, puts directly before us one of the reasons why the realization of the national idea of home differs so largely in the two countries.

The English side of the subject is not, however, under discussion here; its French aspects alone concern us; and

furthermore, no contrast is needed to bring them into light, for they stand out clearly by themselves in the vigor and the strikingness of their local character, in the unmistakableness of their nationality. They are what they are because they are French. They contribute an altogether special contingent to the idea of home, and they furnish one more testimony to the unvarying action of French nature on all that it touches. But this particularism cannot justly be regretted, for a certain proportion of it is indispensable to the actual conception of home. Cosmopolitanism and international unity would be in direct contradiction with that conception. In the present case, indeed, regret lies in the opposite direction; for the very intensity of the national influence which provokes this marked specificness, manifestly weakens and diminishes the operation of all the multiform personal forces whose agency is needed to create individuality in homes. Without their aid, neither the lights and shades which bring about variety, nor the movements of expression, nor the shiftings of color, which indicate the presence of fancy and of originality, are likely to be called into existence; and it is precisely because they are frequently wanting in France that we detect there, in spite of brilliancy and gaiety, so much uniformity of outline, so much monotony of tendency and of object in all the homes of the land. The nation does too much, and individuals do too little. And herein lies a second grave defect of the French ideal. The fact that the self-same defect exists elsewhere does not render it less real in France; the tyranny of majorities is not peculiar to that country, but we find there a vigorous example of it in the case before us.

And yet it is strange that such a tyranny should be able to display itself in a land where social liberty is developed to the extent which it reaches in France. The faculty of doing as you like, without occupying yourself about the opinion of your neighbor, constitutes one of the particular charms of life there; but in this matter of the organization of homes we see but little trace of it. French homes are about as much like each other as English homes are, and for the same reason. Everybody fashions them as everybody else does. Scarcely any one throws into them individuality, or what philosophers call the "Me." The appearance of nationalism becomes of course more marked in consequence of the absence of personality; but, from the ideal point of view, there is no

advantage in that, for, as has been already said, it is difficult to conceive a perfect home unless individual intervention is superadded in it to national action.

In France individual intervention is rarely perceptible, except, indeed, in the arrangement of the material elements of home. But the demonstration of self in furniture is of little importance in the matter, for whatever be the merit and the value of surroundings which satisfy the eye, whatever be the contentments induced by them, the leverage of home as a governing power in life depends on conditions of mind, and not on the color of tapestries or the shape of sideboards. Furthermore, in a national measurement of home, the state of the entire people must be looked at; no selections can be made; it is from the mass (which possesses neither tapestries nor sideboards) that experience and arguments should be drawn. And if we observe that the mass lives uniformly—if we recognize that the units who compose it have ceased to be producers of new things—if we see that they accept a model and apply a rule, that they bring to work no perceptible inventivity,—then, evidently, it may be urged that they have abdicated the right of applying their own preferences, and that they yield to the pressure of a dominating national type.

But how curious it is that they should yield to that pressure in the matter of home, and that they should resist it in everything else! No people are more personal than the French; individuality is everywhere amongst them; it is often, indeed, carried so far that it inflates itself into mannerism and pretension. But in this one case of the composition of home it makes no attempt to assert itself. The result is that, with all the gaiety and brightness of French homes, we are frequently disappointed in them by a want of the vigor which is obtainable only by the use of personal forces, and by a frequent cropping up of blank spaces in the midst of the vivid coloring which is proper to the land.

It is strange, also, that the two great defects of the French system should be of natures so antagonistic to each other. How is it possible that the absence of calm and the absence of color can coexist in the same people? The exactly opposite result might have been confidently looked for. It might have been expected that the very same pursuit of sensation which drives out repose would have necessarily and inevitably provoked a variety of personal vigors and of individual fertilities. But it

is not so. However much French temperaments may be personal, French homes remain national.

Yet, notwithstanding their evident faults and their seeming contradictions, what incomparable homes they are! Where else is anything like them to be found? How admirably they realize the ideal of what family life may be in all its tender, eager, loving, sunny attributes! If French homes are not perfect, they approach, at all events, much nearer to perfection than any other homes do, precisely for the reason that they contain the largest proportion of the components that produce happiness in its active living forms. It cannot be denied that the sort of gladness which results from quick movement of the sensibilities, from developed responsiveness, and from eager use of the perceptive faculties, is a brighter state, both intellectually and susceptively, than the passive contentment engendered by the absence of emotion. Great as are the merits of occasional repose, indispensable, indeed, as it is to well-ordered existence, it is, after all, a negative condition; it implies, more or less, a suspension of life. The French avoid that suspension as much as possible; they do all they can to maintain themselves in the positive shapes of well-being; they have organized their home system in that intent, and that is why it stands so high amongst its fellows.

And furthermore, it must be remembered that the faults which foreigners may see in French homes are invisible to the dwellers in those homes. Custom blinds them, just as it blinds us English. Their judgment on the question is like our own, a result of prejudice; it is based exclusively on the teaching of their own habits, without comparisons; but as the topic is one on which they, like all other people, feel with enthusiasm, it is unlikely that they will ever be led to admit defects in their system. As was said at the beginning of this article, each nation believes that it alone is right in the matter; so that if we claimed the faculty of disapproving the French, they might, with equal justice and effect, insist on judging us in return, and would, doubtless, find occasion to say a good deal against our ways. We should do well to remember, as regards this part of the case, that the subject of homes is a very large one; and that it includes, not only an extensive collection of national types, but also, in addition, a varied series of exceptional cases and conditions in which we can scarcely refuse to recognize the reality of the existence of new phases

and new species of home. And this necessity for admitting into the group a good many outside elements which did not seem, at first sight, to form part of it, should render us generous and liberal towards the French and other foreigners. Can we, for instance, deny, with justice, that a light-house is a home to the keepers who dwell in it? or that the snow-huts of the Esquimaux are homes to them during their eight months of winter? or even that the vagabond tents of Asia, the wandering roofs of skin or woven hair, are homes to the tribes they shelter? They are not homes according to the rules applied in France or England; but it would be an act of illogical unfairness to assert that they are not susceptible of becoming homes to their inmates. And look at another example, more striking still than any of these: look at monks and nuns, who live in circumstances which seem, to our view, to exclude all possibility of home sentiment, but who create for themselves thoughts and hopes which throw into their barren cells a meaning and a charm, and who, consequently, discover in them a true and touching character of home. In this frequent case it is not possible to doubt that fervor and emotion provoke a sensation of peculiar contentment which gilds the barest walls, which softens the hardest pallets, which casts sweetness over naked ugliness. It is not our home, but is it not a home? Again, in some strange specimens, personal character alone, irrespective of all external conditions whatever, may be supposed to bestow on the most unlikely resting-places a certain aspect of home. May it not be suggested, in illustration, without too violent exaggeration, that Diogenes may have found a veritable home in his tub, Simeon Stylites in his pillar, or even naked truth in the bottom of her well?

It is evident that none of these cases correspond at all to the present perfected European theory of home; but they show, at all events, that in considering the question as a whole, we have to take account of a good many conflicting elements, and that we should therefore do well, in approaching it, to divest ourselves as far as possible of preconceived notions, and of the impression that our own rule is the only good one. The modern English doctrine appears, it is true, to have been applied by Horace in that Sabine farm, which he described as

The homely house that harbors quiet rest;
but neither his testimony nor his authority

suffices to prove that "rest" is so indispensable in homes that the French are wrong for not possessing it. No particular method and no particular law can be applied to so elastic a subject. Each example must be left with its merits and its faults. The New Zealand system exhibits very few of the characteristics which we pursue in Europe, but it possesses individuality in a remarkable degree. A Maori hut is so sacredly personal a property of its owner, that when he dies no one is permitted to utilize it, and it is left, untenanted, to rot. No stronger illustration could probably be discovered, and yet it is not likely that it would lead the French to recognize that they are not sufficiently individual. Contrasts between parts of the subject are useless; comparison is serviceable only when applied to the whole—to the mass of advantages or disadvantages discoverable in each case; and even if we limit our criticism to general aspects and to aggregate forms, even if we avoid the temptation to frame an opinion on details, even then we need to exercise a good deal of toleration before we can arrive at a just result. But it happens that home is a subject on which we all feel deeply, and on which it is, consequently, particularly difficult for us to be tolerant. Toleration usually implies indifference; it is rarely a product of reason; it is incompatible with ardent faith; no enthusiast is capable of it: so, as every one of us is animated in some degree by the conviction that we alone are right, it is scarcely likely that any considerable number of persons will anywhere be found in a position which permits them to exercise toleration. And judicial impartiality, which is a higher form of toleration, will of course be still more unattainable; so that the subject is one on which conflict of opinion is inevitable.

The longing of the absent for their home, their own home and no other, is both a consequence and an evidence of this state of mind; and the universality of its existence shows how widely spread that state is. Whether it be called home-sickness, or *Heimweh*, or nostalgia, it is always the same "sadness to return;" and it furnishes, in all its applications, unceasing testimony to the intense exclusiveness of our thoughts of home. And yet, in the case before us, in the idea of home as realized in France, there is so much that all of us must desire, so much that all of us must wish to appropriate, that, if the world is capable of making an exception in its non-admissiveness, it is surely in favor of France that the exception would be

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made. If there be on the earth a type of home which is capable of exciting a majority to vote for its adoption, it must be, assuredly, the bright home of France, with its joyousness, its carelessness, its laughter, and its faults.

Its faults are probably incurable; they must be accepted (for the present at all events) as they are, for the sake of the merits which accompany them. But as the same judgment may safely be pronounced on all the other national types of home, there is no special reproach in it for France. This does not mean, however, that betterment is improbable in the general application of the idea of home; on the contrary, the history of its march supplies such abundant evidence of its onward tendency that we may fairly expect its development to continue, and that our children, in France and elsewhere, will extract from home even more than we do. Still, though the law of progress obliges us to suppose that the world will continue to advance in this matter as in all else, it does seem, all the same, rather difficult to imagine that posterity will really be able to amend much what we already have. The actual homes of Europe are so highly wrought, they combine so many admirable constituents, that there scarcely appears to be any space left in them for further growth. Material and mechanical expansions we may confidently look for; but it is difficult to see how they are to add to the existing goodnesses of home. Even if our successors should invent some day the automatic service described in "The Coming Race," that perfecting will not render their homes more thorough, more graceful, or more charming than those which we bequeath to them. We have safety, permanence, the legal right of independence, undisturbed property, old associations, comfort, elegance, satisfaction of our habits, our tastes, and our affections. And in the case of France we have still more—for many joys and brilliancies are superadded there. The union of these conditions bestows on the French home of our period as much excellence as our ambition can covet or our imagination can conceive. If future generations are able to carry that excellence higher still, it will be probably because progress consists as much in the unceasing creation of new desires as in the easier satisfaction of old needs.

In France there may be a growth of variety, but there can scarcely be a development of intensity. The system may perhaps expand in width, but it is difficult

to conceive that it can gain in profoundness, for it is based so essentially on deep feeling that its foundations seem incapable of being thrust still lower. They stretch into the heart-life of the people, they reach to the substratum of its spirit, they rest upon its fondnesses. Where else can they possibly be extended? The French idea of home stands forward in an eager brightness of its own; it is true to say of it, "Its air is a smile."

WITHIN THE PRECINCTS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE.

LOTTIE could do nothing but stand bewildered and gaze at this new claimant of her regard. Surprise took all the meaning, all the intelligence out of her face. She stood with her eyes wide open, her lips dropping apart. Her new mamma! She had the indescribable misfortune of not being able to think upon her own mother with any reverence or profound affection. Mrs. Despard was but "poor mamma" to her, no more. Lottie could not shut her eyes to the deficiencies of that poor woman, of whom the best that could be said was that she was dead, and beyond the reach of blame. There was no cherished and vaunted idea, therefore, to be outraged; but perhaps all the more Lottie's soul rose up in rebellion against the title as applied to any one else. She had known what was coming, and yet she was as entirely taken by surprise as if this idea had never been suggested to her. With eyes suddenly cleared out of all the dazzling that had clouded them, she looked at the woman thus brought in upon her—this intruder, who however had more right to be there than even Lottie had—the captain's wife. If this event had happened a month or two ago, while she retained all her natural vigor, no doubt, foolish as it was, Lottie would have made some show of resistance. She would have protested against the sudden arrival. She would have withdrawn from company so undesirable. She would have tried, however absurd it might have been, to vindicate herself, to hold the new comer at arm's length. But this had all become impossible now. At no other moment could she have been so entirely taken by surprise. All the apprehensions about her father

which had been communicated to her on former occasions had died out of her mind. She had never said very much about this danger, or been alarmed by it as Law was. It had not occurred to her to inquire how it would affect herself. And now she was taken altogether by surprise. She stood struck dumb with amazement, and gazed at the woman instinctively taking in every particular of her appearance, as only a woman could do. Unconsciously to herself, Lottie appraised the other, saw through her, calculating the meaning of her and all her finery. No man could have done it, and she was not herself aware of having done it; but Polly knew very well what that look meant. Notwithstanding her own confidence in her bridal array, even Polly felt it coming to pieces, felt it being set down for what it was worth; and naturally, the feeling that this was so, made her angry and defiant.

"How do you do, miss?" she said, feeling that even her voice sounded more vulgar than it need to have done. "I hope as we shall be good friends. Your pa has played you a nice trick, hasn't he? but men is men, and when they're like he is, there's allowances to be made for them." Polly was aware that this speech was in her very worst style. She had not intended to call Lottie miss; but with that girl standing staring, in a plain cotton frock, looking a lady every inch of her, from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot — a bride, in a fine bonnet covered with orange-blossoms and a bright silk dress that matched, was not in possession of her faculties. Bold as she was, she could not but be conscious of a tremor which mingled with her very defiance. "Well, I'm sure, what a pretty table!" she resumed. "They might have known we were coming home, captain. There ain't much on it, perhaps — not like the nice chicken and sausages you'd have got at mother's. But mother would never have set it out so pretty, that I'll allow." Then Polly looked round upon the dim old walls, faintly lighted by the lamp. "So this is the dining-room," she said; "this is my new 'ome. To think I never should have been inside the door till now. Let me alone, Harry. I don't want none of your huggings. I want to make acquaintance with my new 'ome. You know well enough I married just as much for the sake of living in the lodges as for you — don't you now?" she said, with a laugh. Perhaps only fathers and mothers, and not even these long-suffering persons always, can look on at the endearments of newly-

married couples with tolerance. Lottie was offended, as if their endearments had been insulting to herself. She looked at them with an annoyed contempt. No sympathetic touch of fellow-feeling moved her. To compare this, as she thought, hideous travesty of love, with her own, would have but hardened her the more against them. She turned away, and shut the window, and drew down the blind, with an energy uncalled for by such simple duties. When the captain led his wife up-stairs, that she might take off her bonnet, Lottie sat down and tried to think. But she could not think. It had all happened in a moment, and her mind was in an angry confusion, not capable of reason. She could not realize what had happened, or what was going to happen — an indignant sense of being intruded upon, of having to receive and be civil to an unwelcome visitor — and an impatience almost beyond bearing of this strait into which her father had plunged her, filled her mind. Something more, she dimly felt, lay behind — something more important, more serious; but in the mean time she did not feel that her occupation was gone, or her kingdom taken from her. A disagreeable person to entertain — a most unwelcome, uncongenial guest. For the moment she could not realize anything more. But her mind was in the most painful ferment, her heart beating. How was she to behave to this new, strange visitor? What was she to say to her? She must sit down at table with her, she supposed. She was Captain Despard's — guest. What more? But Lottie knew very well she was something more.

Mary came in, bringing tea, which she placed at the head of the table, where Lottie usually sat. Mary's eyes were dancing in her head with curiosity and excitement. "What is it, miss? oh, what is it, miss? What's happened?" said Mary. But Lottie made her no reply. She did not herself know what had happened. She waited for the return of "the woman" with a troubled mind. Everything was ready, and Lottie stood by ready to take her seat the moment they should come back. She heard them come down-stairs, laughing and talking. The woman's voice filled all the house. It flowed on in a constant stream, loud enough to be heard in the kitchen, where Mary was listening with all her ears. "Very nice on the whole," the new-comer was saying; "but of course I shall make a few changes. I've always heard that a room should be like its mistress. There's not half enough

pretty things to please me. I do love a pretty room, and plenty of antimacassars and pink ribbons. Oh, I sha'n't tell *you* what I am going to do to it! — not a word. Gentlemen must be taught their place. I am going to make it look very nice, and that should be enough for you. Oh yes, I am quite ready for supper. I haven't touched a bit of anything since five o'clock, when we had tea. Poor Harry, I can see how you have been put upon." This was said at the foot of the stairs, where not only Lottie but Mary could hear every word. Mary understood it all, but Lottie did not understand it. She could not receive Polly's programme into her mind, nor think what was meant by it. While she still stood waiting, the two came in — the bride, with her tower of hair upon her head, and all her cheap ribbons and bangles. She came in, drawing herself away from the captain's encircling arm. "Behave!" said Polly, shaking a finger at him; and she swept in and round the table, almost pushing against the surprised spectator who stood looking on, and deposited herself in Lottie's chair. "It's best to begin as you mean to end," said Polly; "I'm not tired to speak of, and I'll take my own place at once. You can sit here, Miss Lottie, between him and me."

Still, Lottie did not know what to think or to say. She stood still, bewildered, and then took the place pointed out to her. What did it mean? It was easy enough to see what it meant, if her head had not been so confused. "Yes, dear," said Polly, "a little bit of cold beef — just a very little bit. I am not fond of cold victuals. That's not how we've been living, is it? and that's not how I mean you to live. Oh no, I don't blame Lottie. Unmarried girls don't know any better. They don't study a man like his wife knows how to do. I can see how it's been; oh, I can see! Too many mouths to feed, and the meat has to be bought according. Who is your butcher, miss? Oh, *him*! I don't hold with him. I shall send for Jones to-morrow; he's the man for my money. Wasn't that a lovely sweetbread that we had at our wedding breakfast? You didn't remark? Oh, nonsense, I'm sure you remarked! *It was* a beauty! Well, that was from Jones's. I'll send for him to-morrow. Do you take sugar in your tea, Miss Lottie? Dear! I shouldn't have thought it; so careful a young lady. 'Enery, darling, what are you drinking? Do you take tea?"

"I don't mind what I take, my love, so long as you give it me," said the gallant

captain; "tea or poison, I'd take it from that hand; and I don't want anything but to look at you, at the head of my table. This is how it should be. To think how long I have been denying myself, forgetting what happiness was!"

"You poor dear Harry! all for the sake of your children! Well, I hope you'll find it repaid. They ought to be grateful. The times and times that you and me has talked it over, and given it up for their sakes! You're very quiet, miss; you don't say much," added Polly; "but I daresay it was a surprise to you, seeing me come home?"

"Why don't you speak up and make yourself pleasant?" said the captain, with a kind of growl under his breath.

Lottie came to herself a little by dint of this pressure. She did not seem to know how it had come about, or what the emergency meant. "I beg your pardon," she said, her head swimming and everything going round with her, "I am — taken very much by surprise. If I had known what was going to happen, I — might have been more prepared."

"I can understand that," said Polly. "Hold your tongue, captain. She is quite right. You ought to have written and told her, as I asked you. But now that you do know, I hope you mean to be friendly, miss. Them that treats me well, I treats them well. I don't wonder that you don't like it at first," she added graciously; "a girl no older than yourself! But he would have it, you know, and what could I do? When a man's in that way, it's no use talking to him. I resisted as long as I could, but I had to give in at the last."

"By George!" said the captain, helping the beef. He had some one to stand by him now, who he felt might be a match for Lottie; but he was still a little afraid of Lottie, and consequently eager to crow over her in the strength of his backer. "The trouble I've had to bring matters to this point," he said; "but never mind, my love, it is all right now you are here. At one time I thought it never was going to be accomplished. But perseverance —"

"Perseverance does a deal; but, bless you, I never had no doubt on the subject," said the new Mrs. Despard, taking up her teacup in a way that was very offensive to Lottie. The captain looked at her from the other end of the table, with a kind of adoration; but nevertheless the captain himself, with all his faults, was painfully aware of her double negatives, and thought to himself, even when he looked at her so admiringly, that he must give her a few

lessons. He had never paid much attention to Lottie, and yet he could not help getting a glimpse of his new wife through Lottie's eyes.

"Where is my son?" said Polly. "Harry, darling, where is that dear Law? He won't be so much surprised, will he? He had a notion how things were going. But I've got a great deal to say to him, I can tell you. I don't approve of his goings on. There's a many things as I mean to put a stop to. Nobody shall say as I don't do my duty by your children. I shall tell him——"

"Do you know Law?" said Lottie. This gave her a little chill of horror; though indeed she remembered that Law had spoken of some one — some one about whom Lottie had not cared to inquire.

"Oh yes, miss, I know Law." (Polly did not know how it was that she said miss to Lottie. She did not mean to do it. She did it, not in respect, but in derision; but the word came to her lips, whether she would or not.) "Law and I are old friends. Time was when I didn't feel sure — not quite sure, you know," she said, with a laugh of mingled vanity and malice, "if it was to be the father or the son; but, lord, there's no comparison," she added hastily, seeing that even on the captain's fine countenance this boast produced a momentary cloud. "Law will never be as fine a man as his father. He hasn't got the captain's carriage, nor he ain't so handsome. Bless us, are you listening, Harry? I didn't mean you to hear. I don't think you handsome a bit, now, do I? I'm sure I've told you times and times ——"

The two thus exchanging glances and pretty speeches across the table were too much occupied with themselves to think of anything else. And no one heard Law's approach till he pushed open the door, and with a "Hillo!" of absolute amazement, stood thunderstruck, gazing upon this astonishing spectacle. The sight that Law beheld was not a disagreeable sight in itself: the table, all bright with its bouquet of crimson leaves, which the captain had pushed to one side in order that he might see his wife — and the three faces round it, two of them beaming with triumph and satisfaction. The young man stood at the door and took it all in, with a stare, at first, of dismay. Opposite to him sat Lottie, put out of her place, looking stunned, as if she had fallen from a height and did not know where she was. As he stood there she lifted her eyes to him with a look of wondering and bewildered misery which went to Law's heart; but the next moment

he burst into a loud laugh, in spite of himself. To see the governor casting languishing looks at Polly was more than his gravity could bear. He could think of nothing, after the first shock, but "what a joke" it was. A man in love, especially a man in the first imbecility of matrimonial bliss, is a joke at any time; but when it's your governor, Law said to himself! He gave a great roar of laughter. "Polly, by Jove!" he said; "so you've been and done it!" It had alarmed him much beforehand, and no doubt it might be tragical enough after; but for the moment it was the best joke that Law had encountered for years.

"Yes, we've been and done it," said Polly, rising and holding out her hand to him. "Come here and kiss me, my son. I am delighted to see you. It's so nice to hear a good laugh, and see a bright face. Lottie, Law, hasn't found her tongue yet. She hasn't a word to throw at a dog, much less her new mamma. But you, it's a pleasure to see you. Ah!" said Polly, with effusion, "the gentlemen for me! Ladies, they're spiteful, and they're jealous, and they're stuck up; but gentlemen does you justice. You mustn't call me Polly, however, though I forgive you the first time. You must know that I am your mamma."

Law laughed again, but it was not a pleasant laugh; and he grasped the hand which his father held out to him, with a desire to crush it, if he could, which was natural enough. Law thought it a joke, it is true; but he was angry at bottom, though amused on the surface. And he did hurt his father's somewhat flabby, unworking hand. The captain, however, would not complain. He was glad even to be met with a semblance of cordiality at such a moment. He helped Law largely to the beef, in the satisfaction of this family union, and this was a sign of anxiety which Law did not despise.

"Oh, and I assure you I mean to be a mother to you," said Polly. "It sha'n't be said now that you haven't any one to look after you. I mean to look after you. I am not at all satisfied with some of your goings on. A gentleman shouldn't make too free with them that are beneath him. Yes, yes, Harry, darling; it's too early to begin on that point; but he shall know my mind, and I mean to look after him. Now this is what I call comfortable," said Mrs. Despard, looking round with a beaming smile; "quite a family party, and quite a nice tea; though the beef's dry to my taste (but I never was one for cold victuals), and everybody satisfied ——"

"Lottie," said the captain, looking up

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from his beef with some sternness, "you seem the only exception. Don't you think, my child, when you see everybody so happy, that you might find a word to say?"

"Oh, don't hurry her," said Polly, "we've took her by surprise. I told you not to, but you would. We'll have a nice long talk to-morrow, when she gives me over the housekeeping; and when she sees as I mean to act like a mother, why things will come right between her and me."

The Despardes were not highly educated people, but yet a shiver ran through them when Polly, unconscious, said, "We've took her by surprise." The captain even shrank a little, and took a great deal too much mustard, and made himself cough, while Law, in spite of himself, laughed, looking across the table to the place where Lottie sat. Lottie noticed it the last of all. She heard every word they all said, and remembered every word, the most trifling; but at the moment she scarcely distinguished the meaning of them. She said, "I think, papa, if you don't mind, I will go to my room. I am rather tired; and perhaps I had better give some orders to Mary."

"Oh, never mind; never mind about Mary, if it's on my account. I shall look after her myself," said Polly. "What's good enough for the captain is good enough for me; at least till I settle it my own way, you know. I don't want to give any trouble at all, till I can settle things my own way."

"It is not I that have to be consulted," said Captain Despard; "but if you are going to sit sulky and not say a word, I don't see — what do you think, my pet? — that it matters whether you go or stay —"

"Oh, don't mind me, miss," said Polly. She could not look Miss Despard in the face and call her Lottie, knowing, however she might consent to waive her own rights, that Miss Despard was still Miss Despard, whatever Polly might do. Not a thing on her that was worth five shillings, not a brooch even; nothing like a bracelet; a bit of a cotton frock, no more; but she was still Miss Despard, and unapproachable. Polly, with her bracelets on each wrist, rings twinkling on her hands as she took her supper, in a blue silk, and knowing herself to be an officer's lady, Mrs. Captain Despard, — with all this could not speak to her husband's daughter except as miss. She could not understand it, but still it was so.

The little crooked hall was full of boxes when Lottie came out; and Mary stood among them, wondering how she was to get them up-stairs. Perhaps she had been listening a little at the door, for Mary's consternation was as great as Lottie's. "Do you think, miss, it's real and true? Do you think as she's married, sure? Mother wouldn't let me stay a day, if there was anything wrong; and I don't know as I'll stay anyhow," Mary said.

"Wrong? what could be wrong?" said Lottie. She was less educated in knowledge of this kind than the little maid-of-all-work. It troubled her to see the boxes littering the hall, but she could not carry them up-stairs. For a moment the impulse to do it, or at least to help Mary in doing it, came into her mind; but, on second thoughts, she refrained. What had she to do with this new-comer into the house, who was not even a visitor, who had come to remain? Lottie went up-stairs without saying any more. She went first into the little faded drawing-room, where there was no light except that which came from the window and the lamp in the Dean's Walk. It was not beautiful. She had never had any money to decorate it, to make it what it might have been, nor pretty furniture to put into it. But she sat down on her favorite little chair, in the dark, and felt as if she had gone to sit by somebody that was dead, who had been a dear friend. How friendly and quiet the little room had been! giving her a centre for her life, a refuge for her thoughts. But all that was over. She had never known before that she had liked it or thought of it much; but now, all at once, what a gentle and pleasant shelter it had been! As Lottie thought of everything, the tears came silently and bitterly into her eyes. She herself had been ungrateful, unkind to the little old house, the venerable old place, the kind people. They had all been kind to her. She had visited her own disappointment upon them, scorning the neighbors because they were less stately than she expected them to be; visiting upon them her own discontent with her position, her own disappointment in being less important than she expected. Lottie was hard upon herself, for she had not been unkind to any one, but was, on the contrary, a favorite with her neighbors — the only girl in the place, and allowed by the old people to have a right to whims and fancies. Now, in the face of this strange, incomprehensible misfortune, she felt the difference. Her quiet old room! where kind voices had spoken to her, where ~~she~~

had come, saying such words as made her heart beat; where she had sung to him, and received those tender applauses which had been like treasure to Lottie. She seemed to see a series of past scenes like pictures rising before her. Not often had Rollo been there — yet two or three times; and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, with her mellow brogue, and Mr. Ashford, and even the stately person of the dean himself. She had been at home here, to receive them, whoever came. The room had never been invaded by anything that was unfriendly or unpleasing. Now — what was it that woman said of changes — making it look nice? Lottie had not understood the words when they were said, but they came back upon her now.

By-and-by she heard some one coming up-stairs, and starting, rose to steal away to her own room, afraid to meet the stranger again; but no light made its appearance, and Law put in his head at the door, then seeing something moving against the window, came to her, and threw himself down on the window-seat. "They're going on so down-stairs, that I couldn't stand it," said Law, "it's enough to make a fellow sick;" and then, after a pause, "Well! I told you what was coming, but you wouldn't believe me; what do you think of it now?"

"Oh, Law, what does it mean? Are we not dreaming? Can it be true?"

"True! of course it is true. I told you what was going to happen." Then his tone softened. "Poor Lottie, it's you I'm sorry for. If you could only see yourself beside her! And where were his eyes, that he couldn't see?" Here Law paused abruptly, wondering all at once whether the difference would be as marked between his sister and the girls whom he too liked to spend his evenings with. He was sure that Emma was not like that woman; but still the thought subdued his indignation. "I say," he added hastily, "I want to give you a bit of advice. Just you give in to her, Lottie. Fighting is no good; she has got a tongue that you couldn't stand, and the things she would say you wouldn't understand. I understand her well enough; but you wouldn't know what she meant, and it would make you angry and hurt you. Give in, Lottie. Since the governor's been so silly, she has a right. And don't you make any stand as if you could do it — for you can't. It is a great deal better not to resist —"

"What do you mean by resist? How can I resist? The house is papa's, I suppose," said Lottie. "The thing is, I

don't understand it. I can't understand it: that somebody should be coming to stay here, to be one of us, to be mixed up in everything — whom we don't know —"

"To be mistress," said Law, "that's the worst — not to be mixed up with us, but to be over us. To take everything out of your hands —"

"Do you think I care for that? I do not mind who is mistress," said Lottie, all unaware of her own characteristics. Law was wiser than she was in this respect. He shook his head.

"That's the worst," he said, "she'll be mistress — she'll change everything. Oh, I know Polly well; though I suppose, for decency, I mustn't say Polly now."

"How is it you know her so well? And how did papa know her?" said Lottie. "I should have thought you never could have met such women. Ah! you told me once about — others. Law! you can't like company like that; surely, you can't like company like that! how did you get to know her?" Law was very much discomfited by this sudden question. In the midst of his sympathy and compassion for his sister, it was hard all at once to be brought to book, when he had forgotten the possibility of such a danger.

"Well, you know," he said, "fellows do; I don't know how it is — you come across some one, and then she speaks to you, and then you're forced to speak back; or perhaps it's you that speaks first — it isn't easy to tell. This was as simple as anything," Law went on, relieved by the naturalness of his own explanation. "They all work in the same house where Langton lives, my old coach, you know, before I went to old Ashford. I don't know how the governor got there. Perhaps it was the same way. Going in and out, you know, day after day, why, how could you help it? And when a woman speaks to you, what can you do, but say something? That's exactly how it was."

"But, Law," she said, grasping his arm — all this conversation was so much easier in the dark — "Law, you will take care? she said she was not quite sure whether it was to be the father or the son. Ah! a woman who could say that, Law —"

"It's a lie," said Law fiercely, "and she knows it. I never thought anything of her — never. It's a lie, if she were to swear it! Polly! why, she's thirty, she's — I give my word of honor, it's a lie."

"But, Law! oh, Law dear —"

"I know what you're going to say. I'll take care of myself; no fear of me getting entangled," said Law briskly. Then he

stopped, and, still favored by the dark, took her hands in his. "Lottie, it's my turn now. I know you won't stand questioning, nor being talked to. But, look here—don't shilly-shally if you can care for anybody, and he'll marry you and give you a place of your own—you needn't jump up as if I had shot you. If you talk about such things to me, I may surely talk to you. And mind what I say. I don't expect you'll be able to put up with your life here—"

"I hear them stirring down-stairs," said Lottie, drawing her hands out of his hold. "Don't keep me, don't hold me, Law. I cannot see her again to-night."

"You won't give me any answer," said the lad regretfully. There was real feeling in his voice—"But, Lottie, mind what I say. I don't believe you'll be able to put up with it, and if there's any one you care for and he'll marry you—"

Lottie freed herself from him violently, and fled. Even in the dark there were things that Law could not be permitted to say, or she to hear.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE HEAVINGS OF THE EARTHQUAKE.

THE next morning dawned very strangely on all the members of the little household. Lottie was down early, as she generally was; but the advantages of early rising were neutralized by the condition of the little maid, Mary, who was too much excited to do her work, and kept continually coming back to pour her doubts and her difficulties into Lottie's ear. "I can't get no rest till I've told mother," Mary said. "If there's anything wrong, mother won't let me stay, not a day. And even if there's nothing wrong, I don't know as I'll stay. I haven't got no fault to find with you, miss; nor the captain, nor even Mr. Law; though he's a dreadful bother with his boots-cleaning; but to say as you're beginning as you mean to end, and then to give all that trouble! every blessed thing, I had to drag it up-stairs. Mr. Law was very kind; he took up the big box—I couldn't ha' done it; but up and down, up and down, all the little boxes and the bags, and the brown paper parcels—" "It saves trouble if you begins as you means to end," she says—"

"I don't want to hear what Mrs. Despard says," said Lottie. Mrs. Despard: it was her mother's name. And though that mother had not been an ideal mother, or one of those who are worshipped in their children's memories, it is wonderful,

what a gush of tender recollections came into Lottie's mind with the name. "Poor mamma! she had been very kind in her way, always ready to indulge and to pardon, if indifferent to what happened in more important matters. She had never exacted anything, never worried her children about idleness or untidiness, or any of those minor sins which generally make a small girl's life a burden to her. Lottie's mind went back to her, lying on her sofa, languid, perhaps lazy—badly dressed; yet never anything but a lady, with a kind of graciousness in her faded smile, and grace in her faded gown. Not a woman to be held in adoration, and yet—the girl sighed, but set to work to make the little brown dining-room neat, to get the table set, making up for Mary's distracted service by her own extra activity. For amid all the horrors of last night there was one which had cut Lottie very deeply, and that was the many references to the cold beef, and the bride's dislike of "cold victuals." It is inconceivable, among all the more important matters involved, how deeply wounded Lottie's pride had been by this reproach. She resolved that no one should be able to speak so to-day; and she herself put on her hat and went out to the shop on the Abbey hill almost as soon as it had opened, that this intolerable reproach should not be in the interloper's power. She met more than one of the old chevaliers as she came up, for most of them kept early hours and paced the terrace pavement in the morning as if it had been morning parade. They all looked at her curiously, and one or two stopped her to say "Good morning." "And a fine morning it is, and you look as fresh as a flower," one of the old gentlemen said; and another laid his hand on her shoulder, patting her with a tender, fatherly touch. "God bless you, my dear, the sight of you is a pleasure," said this old man. How little she had thought or cared for them, and how kind they were in her trouble! She could see that everybody knew. Lottie did not know whether she did not half resent the universal knowledge. Most likely they had known it before she did. The whole town knew it, and everybody within the precincts. Captain Despard had got-married! Such a thing had not occurred before in the memory of man. Many people believed, indeed, that there was a law against it, and that Captain Despard was liable to be turned out of his appointment. Certainly it was unprecedented; for the old chevaliers before they came to St. Michael's had generally

passed the age at which men marry. The whole scene seemed to have taken a different aspect to Lottie. Since her home had become impossible to her, it had become dear. For the first time she felt how good it was to look across upon the noble old buttresses of the Abbey, to inhabit that "retired leisure," that venerable quietness. If only that woman were not there! But that woman was there, and everything was changed. Lottie had been rudely awakened, dragged, as it were, out of her dreams. She could not think as she usually did of the meetings that were sure to come somehow in the Abbey, or on the slopes—or count how long it would be till the afternoon or evening, when she should see him. This, though it was her life, had been pushed out of the way. She thought of all last night's remarks about the cold beef and the poor fare, and the changes that were going to be made. Would she think bacon good enough for breakfast?—would she be satisfied with the rolls, which Lottie herself felt to be a holiday indulgence? Pride, and nothing but pride, had thrown the girl into such excesses. She could not endure those criticisms again. Her brain was hot and hazy, without having any power of thought. The confusion of last night was still in her. Would it all turn out a dream? or would the door open by-and-by and show this unaccustomed figure? Lottie did not feel that she could be sure of anything. The first to come down was Law, who had been forced from his bed for once by sympathy. Law was very kind to Lottie. "I thought I wouldn't leave you to face her by yourself," he said, "they're coming down directly." Then Lottie knew that it was no dream.

The bride came down in a blue merino dress, as blue as the silk of last night. Polly was of opinion that she looked well in blue; and it was not one of the ethereal tints that are now used, but a good, solid, full blue, quite uncompromising in point of color. And the hair on her head was piled up as if it would reach the skies, or the ceiling at least. She came down arm-in-arm with her husband, the two smiling upon each other, while Law and Lottie stood one on each side of the table with no smiles, looking very serious. It was Mrs. Despard who did the most of the conversation; for the captain was passive, feeling, it must be allowed, somewhat embarrassed by the presence of his children, who did not embarrass her at all. But she did not think the bacon very good. She thought it badly cooked. She thought

the girl could not have been well trained to send it up like that. And she was not pleased either with the rolls; but announced her intention of changing the baker as well as the butcher. "We've always gone to Willoughby's, as long as I can recollect, and I don't fancy any bread but his." Lottie did not say anything, she was nearly as silent as on the previous night; and Law, who was opposite, though he made faces at her now and then, and did his best to beguile his sister into a laugh, did not contribute much to the conversation. He got up as soon as he had swallowed his breakfast and got his books. "I'm off to old Ashford," he said.

"Where are you going, Law?—you must never get up from table without asking my leave—it is dreadful unmannerly. You have got into such strange ways; you want me to bring you back to your manners, all of you. Who are you going to?—not to Mr. Langton as you used to do—I'm glad of that."

"I don't see why you should be glad of that. I'm going to old Ashford," said Law gloomily. "He is a much better coach than Langton. I have not anything to do to-day, Lottie; I shall be back at twelve o'clock."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Despard, "how long is Law going on going to school like a little boy? I never heard of such a thing, at his age. He should be put into something where he could earn a little money for himself, instead of costing money; a great, strong young fellow like that. I think you're all going to sleep here. You want me, as anybody can see, to wake you up, and save you from being put upon, my poor man. But I hope I know how to take care of my own husband, and see that he gets the good of what he has, and don't just throw it away upon other folks. And I begin as I means to end," said Polly, with a little toss of her head. Law, stopped by the sound of her voice, had turned round at the door, and contemplated her with gloomy looks; but seeing it was not to come to anything bad, went away. And the bell began, and the captain rose. His bride came to him fondly, and brushed a crumb or two off his coat, and arranged the flower in his button-hole. "Now you look quite sweet," she said with genuine enthusiasm. "I ain't going in the morning, when none but the regular folks is there, but I mean to go, my dear, in the afternoon. It's only proper respect, living in the precincts; but you won't be long, dear? You'll come home to your poor little wife, that don't know

what to do without her handsome husband? Now, won't you, dear?"

"I'll be back as fast as my legs can carry me," said the captain. "Come and meet me, my pet. Lottie will tell you when the voluntary begins——"

"Oh, I can tell very well without Lottie," said the bride, hanging upon him till he reached the door. All these endearments had an indescribable effect upon the girl, who was compelled to stand by. Lottie turned her back to them and rearranged the ornaments on the mantelpiece, with trembling hands, exasperated almost beyond the power of self-restraint. But when the captain was gone, looking back in his imbecility to kiss his hand to his bride, the situation changed at once. Polly turned round, sharp and business-like, in a moment. "Ring the bell, miss," she said, "and tell the girl to clear them things away. And then, if you will just hand me over the keys, and let me see your house-keeping things and your stores and all that, we may settle matters without any trouble. I likes to begin as I mean to end," said Polly peremptorily. Lottie stood and looked at her for a moment, her spirit rekindling, her mind rising up in arms against the idea of obedience to this stranger. But what would be the use of trying to resist? Resist! what power had she? The very pride which rebelled against submission made that submission inevitable. She could not humiliate herself by a vain struggle. Polly, who was very doubtful of the yielding of this natural adversary, and rather expected to have a struggle for her "rights," was quite bewildered by the meekness with which the proud girl, who scarcely took any notice of her, she thought, acquiesced in the orders she gave. Lottie rang the bell. She said, "You will prefer, I am sure, to give Mary her orders without me. There are not many keys, but I will go and get what I have."

"Not many keys! and you call yourself a housekeeper?" said Polly. Lottie turned away as the little maid came in, looking impertinent enough to be a match for the new mistress; but Lottie was no match for her. She went and got out her little house-keepingbook, which she had kept so neatly. She gathered the keys of the cupboards, which generally stood unlocked, for there was not so much in them that she should lock them up. Lottie had all the instincts of a housekeeper. It gave her positive pain to hand over the symbols of office — to give up her occupation. Her heart sank as she prepared to do it.

All her struggles about the bills, her anxious thought how this and that was to be paid, seemed elements of happiness now. She could not bear to give them up. The pain of this compulsory abdication drove everything else out of her head. Love, they say, is all a woman's life, but only part of a man's; yet Lottie forgot even Rollo — forgot his love and all the consolation it might bring, in this other emergency, which was petty enough, yet all-important to her. She trembled as she got together these little symbols of her domestic sovereignty. She heard the new mistress of the house coming up the stairs as she did so, talking all the way. "I never heard such impudence," Polly was saying. "Speak back to her mistress! a bit of a chit of a maid-of-all-work like that. I suppose she's been let do whatever she pleased; but she'll find out the difference." Behind Polly's voice came a gust of weeping from below, and a cry of "I'm going to tell mother;" thus hostilities had commenced all along the line.

"I can't think however you got on with a creature like that," said Polly, throwing herself down in the easy-chair. "She don't know how to do a single thing, as far as I can see; but some folks never seem to mind. She sha'n't stay here not a day longer than I can help. I've given her warning on the spot. To take impudence from a servant the very first day! But that's always the way when things are let go; the moment they find a firm hand over them there's a to-do. To be sure it wasn't to be looked for that you could know much, miss, about managing a house."

"Mary is a very good girl," said Lottie hastily. "She has always done what I told her. Here are the keys of the cupboards, since you wish for them; but there are not any stores to lock away. I get the things every week, just enough to use——"

"And don't lock them up!" Polly threw up her hands. "That's one way of housekeeping; but how should you know any better, poor thing, brought up like that! I'm sure I don't mean to be hard upon you; but you should have thought a bit of your papa, and not have wasted his money. However, that's all over now. A man wants a nice 'ome to come back to, he wants a nice dinner on the table, he wants somebody that can talk to him, to keep him out of mischief. Oh, I know very well the captain's been fond of having his fling. I ain't one of the ignorant ones, as don't know a man's ways. And I like that sort much the best myself. I like a man to be a man, and know what's what."

But you'll soon see the difference, now that he's got some one to amuse him, and some one to make him comfortable at home. So these are all, Miss Lottie? And what's this? oh, a book! I don't think much of keeping books. You know how much you has to spend, and you spend it; that's my way."

Lottie made no reply. She felt it to be wiser for herself, but no doubt it was less respectful to Polly, who paused now and then for a reply, then went on again, loving to hear herself talk, yet feeling the contempt involved in this absence of all response. At last she cried angrily, "Have you lost your tongue, miss, or do you think as I'm not good enough to have an answer, though I'm your papa's wife?"

"I beg your pardon," said Lottie; "I — don't know what to say to you. We don't know each other. I don't understand — Don't you see," she cried suddenly, unable to restrain herself, "that since you came into the house you have done nothing but — find fault with all my — arrangements?" (These mild words came with the utmost difficulty; but Lottie was too proud to quarrel). "You can't think that I could like that. I have done my best, and if you try as I have done, you will find it is not so easy. But I don't want to defend myself; that is why I don't say anything. There can be no good in quarrelling, whether you think me a bad housekeeper or not."

"I ain't so sure of that," said Polly. "Have a good flare-up, and be done with it, that's my way. I don't hold with your politeness, and keeping yourself to yourself. I'd rather quarrel than be always bursting with spite and envy, like some folks. It stands to reason as you must hate me, taking things out of your hands; and it stands to reason as I should think more of my own husband than of keeping up your brother and you in idleness. But for all that, and though we might fight now and then — everybody does, I don't care nothing for a girl as is always the same — I don't see why we shouldn't get on neither. The captain says as you've a very good chance of a husband yourself. And though I'm just about your own age, I've had a deal of experience. I know how to bring a man to the point, if he's shilly-shallying, or won't speak up like a man, as a girl has a right to expect."

"Oh! stop, stop, stop!" cried Lottie, wild with horror. She cast a hurried glance round, to see what excuse she could make for getting away. Then she seized eagerly upon her music which lay on the

old square piano. "I must go to my lesson," she said.

"Your lesson! Are you having lessons too? Upon my word! Oh, my poor husband! my poor captain! No wonder as he has nothing but cold beef to eat," said Polly, with all the fervor of a deliverer, finding out one misery after another. "And if one might make so bold as to ask, miss, who is it as has the honor to give lessons to you?"

"The signor — Mr. Rossinetti," Lottie added, after a moment. It seemed desecration to talk of any of the familiar figures within the Abbey precincts by their familiar titles to this intruder.

"Oh! I'm not so ignorant as not to know who the signor is. That will be half a guinea, or at the least seven and six a lesson!" she said, raising her hands in horror. "Oh, my poor 'usband! This is how his money goes! Miss," said Polly severely, "you can't expect as I should put up with such goings on. I have your papa to think of, and I won't see him robbed — no, not whatever you may do. For I call that robbery, just nothing else. Half a guinea a lesson, and encouraging Law to waste his time! I can't think how you can do it: with that good, dear, sweet, confiding man letting you have your own way, and suspecting nothing," cried Polly, clapping her hands. Then she got up suddenly. "I declare," she cried, "church is near over, and me not ready to go out and meet him! I can't go out a figure, in a common rag like this, and me a bride. I must put on my silk. Of course, he wants to show me off a bit before his friends. I'll run and get ready, and we can talk of this another time."

Thus Lottie escaped for the moment. She was asked a little later to see if Mrs. Despard's collar was straight, and to pin on her veil. "Do I look nice?" said Polly triumphant, and at the same time mollified by the services which Lottie rendered without objection. She had put on her "blue silk" and the bonnet with the orange-blossoms, and neckties enough to stock a shop. "Perhaps, as there's nothing ordered, and I mean to make a change with the tradespeople, the captain and me won't come back to dinner," said Polly. "There's your favorite cold beef, miss, for Law and you." Lottie felt that she began to breathe when, rustling and mincing, her strange companion swept out, in the face of all the people who were dispersing from matins, to meet her husband. Polly liked the wondering encounter of all their eyes. With her blue silk sweeping the pavement

after her, and her pink parasol, and the orange-blossoms on her bonnet, her figure descending the Dean's Walk alone, while all the others issued out of the Abbey doors, was conspicuous enough. She was delighted to find that everybody looked at her, and even that some stood still to watch her, looking darkly at her finery. These were the people who were jealous, envious of her fine clothes and her happiness, or jealous of her handsome husband, who met her presently, but who perhaps was not so much delighted to see her amidst all his fellow-chevaliers, as she thought. Captain Despard was not a man of very fine perceptions; but though his blooming young wife was a splendid object indeed beside the dark, little old figure of Mrs. Temple, he had seen enough to feel that the presence of the old lady brought out into larger prominence something which the younger lacked. But he met her with effusive delight, and drew her hand within his arm, and thus they disappeared together. Outside the precincts there was no need to make any comparison, and Polly's brilliancy filled all hearts with awe.

When Law returned, he found Lottie seated in her little chair, with her face hidden in her hands. It was not that she was crying, as he feared at first. The face she raised to him was crimson with excitement. "Oh, Law!" she said, "Law, Law!" Lottie had got beyond the range of words. After a while she told him all the events of the morning, which did not look half so important when they were told, and they tried to lay their heads together and think what was best to be done. But what could any one do? Mary could scarcely put the remnants of the cold beef on the table, for her eagerness to tell that she had been to mother, and mother would not hear of her staying. "Places isn't so hard to get as all that, for a girl with a good character," she said. When she was gone, Lottie looked piteously at her brother.

"What kind of a place could I get?" she said. "What am I fit for? Oh, Law! I think it is a mistake to be brought up a lady. I never thought it before, but I do now. How can we go on living here? and where are we to go?"

"That's what I always said," said Law. He was horribly grave, but he had not a word to say except that he had got a match at football, and perhaps might stay and sup with the fellows afterwards. "I'm just as well out of the way, for what can I do for you? only make things worse," he

said. And though he had been so kind and sympathetic at first, Law stole away, glad to escape, and left Lottie alone, to bear it as she might. She had no lesson that day, though she had pretended to have one. She would not go to the Abbey, where the new member of the family meant to appear, she knew. Lottie stayed in the familiar room which was hers no longer, until the silence became too much for her, and she felt that any human voice would be a relief. She went out in the afternoon, when all seemed quiet, when everybody had gone to the Abbey for the evening service. There would be nobody about, and it seemed to Lottie that the shame was upon her, that it was she who must shrink from all eyes. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, however, knocking on the window violently, instantly gave her to understand that this was impracticable. The girl tried to resist, being afraid of herself, afraid of what she might say, and of what might be said to her. But as she hurried on, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's maid rushed after her. Lottie had to go to her old friend, though very reluctantly. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy had a bad cold. She was sitting wrapped up in a shawl, and a visitor with something to tell was beyond price to her. "Come and tell me all about it, then!" she cried, "me poor darlin'!" enveloping Lottie in her large embrace. "And tell the major, Sally, and let nobody come in." The major came instantly to the call, and Lottie tried to tell her story to the kind couple who sat on either side of her, with many an exclamation.

"I knew that was what it would come to," Mrs. O'Shaughnessy said.

"And I never thought Despard (saving your presence, my dear) could have been such a fool!" cried the major.

"Oh sure, major, you're old enough to know that every man is a fool where a woman's concerned."

But what was Lottie to do? They petted her and consoled with her, soothing her with their sympathy, and all the tender words they could think of; but they could throw no light upon one point: what could the girl do? Nothing, but put up with it. They shook their heads, but could give her no comfort. If Law had but been doing something instead of idling all his time away! But then Law was not doing anything. What was he good for, any more than Lottie?

"Mary can get another place. Her mother will not let her stay, and she can get another place, she says; but here are

two of us, Law and I, and we are good for nothing!" cried Lottie. How her thoughts were altered from the time when she thought it necessary to stay at home, to do no visible work, for the credit of the family! Lottie was not young enough to feel that it was necessary to be consistent. "We are young and strong and able to work, but we are good for nothing!" she said. And they both looked at her blankly, not knowing what to say.

By-and-by Lottie escaped again into the open air, notwithstanding their anxious invitation that she should stay with them. She was too wretched to stay, and there had come upon her a longing to see another face in which there might be comfort. As she went out she almost walked into Captain Temple's arms, who was walking slowly along looking up at her window. The old man took both her hands into his. "My poor child!" he said. He was not so frankly inquisitive as the good people she had just left, but he drew her hand through his arm and walked with her, bending over her.

"I do not want to tempt you from your duty, my dear; you'll do what is right, I am sure you will do what is right. But I can't bear to think you are in trouble, and we so near. And my wife," said the old man slightly faltering, "my wife thinks so, too." He was not quite so sure of his wife. She had the restraining effect upon her husband which a more reserved and uncommunicative mind has over an impulsive one. He knew what he would like to do, but he was not sure of her, and this put hesitation into his speech.

"Oh! Captain Temple," cried Lottie, moved at last to tears, "what am I to do? If I cannot bear it, what am I to do?"

"Come and speak to my wife," he said; "come, dear, and see my wife. She can't talk about everything as I do, but she has more sense than any one, and knows the world. Come with me, Lottie, and see what Mrs. Temple says."

He thought the sight of the girl in her trouble would be enough, and that his wife would certainly say what it was on his own lips to say. Just then, however, there was a sound of doors opening, and old Wykeham came out and looked upon the world with a defiant countenance from the south door of the Abbey, which was a sign that service was over; and the notes of the voluntary began to peal out into the air. Lottie drew her arm from that of her old friend — she could not bear the eyes of the crowd. "Another time, another time; but I must go now," she cried, escaping

from him and turning towards the slopes. The old captain's first impulse was to follow. He stood for a moment gazing after her as she sped along, slim and swift and young, up the deserted road. It was beginning to grow dark, and the evening was colder than it had been yet. Where was she going? To her favorite haunt on the slopes to get the wind in her face; to let her thoughts go, like birds, into the wide space and distance? If that had been all! The old man thought of an alternative which filled him with alarm. He took a step after her, and then he paused again, and shaking his head, turned back, meeting all the people as they streamed out of the Abbey. Poor child! if she did meet *him* there, what then? It would comfort her to see her lover; and if he was good, as the anxious old chevalier hoped, had not the lover more power to save her than all the world? There was no question of taking Lottie from her father and mother, separating her from her home. If this young man were to offer her a home of her own, where could there be so good a solution to the problem? Captain Temple turned and walked home with a sigh. It was not his way of delivering Lottie, but perhaps it was the way that would be most for her happiness, and who was he that he should interfere? He let her go to her fate with a sigh.

From Fraser's Magazine.

HOLIDAYS IN EASTERN FRANCE.

I.

SEINE ET MARNE.

How delicious to escape from the fever heat and turmoil of Paris to the green banks and sheltered ways of the gently undulating Marne; with what delight we wake up in the morning to the sound of the mower's scythe, the rustle of acacia leaves, and the notes of the stock-dove, looking back as upon a nightmare to the horn of the tramway conductor and the perpetual grind of the stone-mason's saw! Yes, to quit Paris in these days of tropic heat and nestle down in some country resort is indeed like exchanging Dante's lower circle for Paradise. The heat has followed us here, but with a screen of luxuriant foliage between us and the burning blue sky, and with a breeze perpetually rippling the leaves, no one need complain. With the cocks and the hens, the birds and the bees, we are all up and stirring betimes: there

are dozens of nooks and corners if we like to spend the morning out of doors and do not feel enterprising enough to set out on an exploring expedition by diligence or rail. After the midday meal everybody takes a siesta as a matter of course, waking up between four and five o'clock for a ramble, and wherever we go we find lovely prospects. Quiet little rivers and canals winding between lofty lines of poplar, undulating pastures and amber corn-fields, picturesque villages crowned by a church spire here and there, wide sweeps of highly cultivated land interspersed with rich woods, vineyards, orchards, and gardens — all these make up the scenery familiarized to us by some of the most characteristic of French painters. Just such rural pictures have been portrayed a thousand times by Millet, Corot, Daubigny, and in their very simplicity often lies the chief charm. No extensive or grandiose outlines are here as in Brittany, no picturesque poverty, no poetic archaisms; all is rustic and pastoral, with the rusticity and pastoralness of every day. We are in the midst of one of the wealthiest and best-cultivated regions of France moreover, and when we penetrate below the surface we find that in manners and customs, as well as dress and outward appearance, the peasant and agricultural population generally differ no little from their remoter fellow-countrymen, the Bretons. In this famous cheese country, the *fromage de Brie* being the speciality of these dairy farms, there is no superstition, hardly a trace of poverty, and little that is poetic. The people are rich, laborious, and progressive. The farmers' wives, however hard they may work at home, wear the smartest of Parisian bonnets and gowns when paying visits — I was going to say, when at church, but nobody goes here. It is a significant fact that in this well-educated district, where newspapers are read by the poorest, and where well-being is the rule and poverty a rare exception, the church is empty on Sunday, and the priest's authority is *nil*. The priests may preach against abstinence from church in the pulpit, and may lecture the congregation in private, but no effect is thereby produced. Church-going has become out of date among the manufacturers of Brie cheese. They amuse themselves on Sundays by taking walks with their children, the paterfamilias bathe in the river, the ladies put on their fine clothes and pay visits, but they omit their devotions. Some of these tenant farmers — for many of the farms are let on lease as in England, possessors of small farms hiring

more land — are very rich, and one of our neighbors here, whose wealth had been made by Brie cheese, lately gave his daughter several hundred thousand francs by way of dowry. The wedding breakfast took place at the Grand Hotel, Paris, and a hundred guests were invited to partake of a sumptuous collation. Sometimes these rustic brides are dowried with a million francs. But in spite of fine clothes and large dowries, farmers' wives and daughters still attend to their dairies, and when they cease to do so, doubtless farming in Seine et Marne will cease to be the prosperous business we now find it.

It is delightful to witness the widespread well-being of this highly favored region. "There is no poverty here," say my host and hostess, "and that is why life is so pleasant." True enough. Wherever you go you find well-dressed, contented-looking people — no rags, no squalor, no pinched want. Poverty is an accident of rare occurrence and not a normal condition, every one being able to get plenty of work and good pay. The habitual look of content written upon the faces you meet is very striking. It seems as if in this land of Goshen life were no burden, but matter for satisfaction only. Class distinctions can hardly be said to exist. There are employers and employed, masters and servants, of course; but the line of demarcation is lightly drawn, and we find an easy familiarity existing between them, wholly free from impoliteness, much less vulgarity. That automatic demureness characterizing English servants in the presence of their employers is wholly unknown here. There are households with us where the servants might all be mutes for any signs of animation they give, but here they take part in what is going on, and exchange a word and a smile with every member of the household, never dreaming that it should be otherwise. One is struck, too, here by the good looks, intelligence, and trim appearance of the children, who, it is clear, are well cared for. The houses have vines and sweet peas on the wall, flowers in the window, and altogether a look of comfort and ease found nowhere in western France. The Breton villages are composed of mere hovels, where pigs, cows, and poultry live in close proximity to their owners; a dunghill stands before every front door, and to get in-doors or out the inhabitants have always to cross a pool of liquid manure. Here order and cleanliness prevail, with a diffusion of well-being hardly to be matched out of America. Travellers who visit France again and

again, rather out of sympathy with its people and institutions than from a desire to see its monuments or outward features, will find ample to reward them in Seine et Marne. On every side you have evidence of the boundless natural resources and indefatigable laboriousness of the people. There is one point here, which, as elsewhere in France, strikes an agriculturist with astonishment, and that is the abundance of fruit trees standing amid corn-fields and miscellaneous crops; also the interminable plantations of poplar-trees that are to be seen on every side, apparently without any object. But the truth is, the planting of trees is no extravagance but rather economy, the fruit they produce exceeding in value the corn they destroy; whilst the puzzling lines of poplars beside canals and railways are the work of the government, every spare bit of land belonging to the state being planted with trees for the sake of the timber. The crops are splendid, partly owing to the soil and partly to the advanced system of agriculture. You may see exposed for sale in little towns and villages the newest American agricultural tools, whilst the great diversity of products speaks much for the enterprise of the farmers. As you stroll along, now climbing, now descending this pleasantly undulated country, you may see a dozen crops on less than an acre. A patch of potatoes here, vines growing there, on one side a bit of wheat, oats, rye, or barley, with fruit trees casting abundant shadow over all, or Indian corn, clover, and mangel wurzel in the green state, recently planted for autumn fodder, are found side by side, further on a poppy-field, three weeks ago in full bloom, now having full pods ready for gathering—the poppy being cultivated for the manufacture of oil here—all these and many more are seen close together, and near them many a lovely little glen, copse, and ravine, recalling Scotland and Wales. You may walk for miles through what seems one vast orchard, only instead of turf, rich crops are growing under the trees. This is indeed the orchard of France, on which we English largely depend for our summer fruits. A few days ago the black-currant trees were being stripped for the benefit of Parisian lovers of *cassis*, and now we encounter on our walks carts laden with plums packed in baskets and barrels, on their way to Covent Garden; later on, it will be the peach and apricot crops gathered for exportation; later still, apples, walnuts, and pears. One village not far from our own sends fruit to the Paris mar-

kets valued at a million francs annually. But the traveller must settle down in some delicious retreat in the valley of the Marne to realize the interest and charm of such a country as this. And he must above all things be a fairly good pedestrian, for it is not a land of luxuries, and carriages, good, bad, or indifferent, are difficult to be got. A countless succession of delightful prospects is offered to the persevering explorer who each day strikes out in an entirely different direction. I have always been of opinion that the best way to see a country is to make a halt in some good central point, for weeks at a time, and from thence "excursionize." By these means much fatigue is avoided, and the two chief drawbacks to the pleasures of travel, namely, hotels and perpetual railways, avoided as much as possible. My rallying point was a pleasant French country house at Couilly, offering every opportunity for studying agriculture and rural life as well as making excursions by road and rail. Couilly itself is charming. The canal winding its way between thick lines of poplar-trees towards Meaux is a walk you may take on the hottest day of summer without fatigue; the river, narrow and sleepy, yet so picturesquely curling amid green slopes and tangled woods, affords another delightful stroll; then there are broad, richly-wooded hills rising above these, and shady side paths leading from hill to valley, with alternating vineyards, orchards, pastures, and corn-fields on either side. Couilly lies in the heart of the cheese-making country, part of the ancient province of Brie, from which this famous cheese is named (the comté de Brie became part of the French kingdom on the occasion of the marriage of Jeanne of Navarre with Philippe le Bel, in 1361), and is as prosperous as it is picturesque. Within a stone's throw of our garden walls once stood a famous convent of Bernardines, called Pont-aux-Dames. Here Mme. Dubarry, of evil reputation, was exiled after the death of Louis XV. On the outbreak of the Revolution she fled to England, and might there have ended her unworthy life in peace but for a cupidity which brought her to the guillotine. The old favorite of perhaps the most depraved of French kings had left secreted at Pont-aux-Dames a case of diamonds, and in order to secure these she ventured to Couilly again, with the result that might have been expected. The Revolutionary tribunal got hold of Madame Dubarry, and she mounted the scaffold in company of her betters, no one before or after showing such pusillanimity when her turn came.

The diligence passes our garden gate early in the morning, and in an hour and a half takes us to Meaux, former capital of the province of La Brie, bishopric of the famous Bossuet, and also one of the early strongholds of the Reformation. The neighboring country, *pays Mellois*, as it is called, is one vast fruit and vegetable garden, bringing in enormous returns. From our vantage ground, for of course we go outside the coach, we survey the shifting landscape — woods, valley, and plain, soon seeing the city with its imposing cathedral, both of the whiteness of marble, rising above the winding river and fields of green and gold on either side. I know nothing that gives the mind an idea of fertility and wealth more than this scene, and it is no wonder that the Prussians in 1871 here levied a heavy toll, their sojourn at Meaux having cost the inhabitants not less than a million and a half of francs. All now, however, is peace and prosperity, and here, as in the neighboring towns and villages, rags, want, and beggary are not seen. The evident well-being of all classes is delightful to behold. Meaux, with its shady boulevards and public gardens, must be a pleasant place to live in, nor would intellectual resources be wanting. We strolled into the spacious town library, open, of course, to strangers, and could wish for no better occupation than to con the curious old books and manuscripts that it contains. The employé having shown us the busts adorning the walls of the principal rooms, took us into a side closet, where, ignominiously put out of sight, are the busts of Charles X. and Louis Philippe. "But," said our informant, "we have more busts in the garret — those of the emperor Napoleon III., the empress, and the prince imperial." Naturally enough, on the proclamation of the republic, these busts were considered as supererogatory, and it is to be hoped they will stay where they are. The Evêché, or bishop's palace, is the principal sight at Meaux. It is full of historic associations besides being very curious in itself. Here have slept many noteworthy personages — Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, when on their return from Varennes, June 24, 1791; Napoleon in 1814, Charles X. in 1828; later, General Moltke in 1870, who said upon that occasion, "In three days, or a week at most, we shall be in Paris," not counting on the probabilities of a siege. The room occupied by the unfortunate Louis XVI. and his little son still bears the name of *la chambre du roi*, and cannot be entered without a feeling of sadness. The gardens, designed

by Lenôtre, are as quaint and characteristic perhaps as any of the same period — a broad, open, sunny flower-garden below, terraced walks above so shaded with closely-planted plane-trees that the sun can hardly penetrate on this July day. These green walks, where the nightingale and the oriole were singing, were otherwise as quiet as the Evêché itself; but the acme of quiet and solitude was only to be found in the avenue of yews called Bossuet's Walk. Here it is said the great adversary of the Jansenists used to pace backwards and forwards when composing his famous discourses, wholly excluding himself from the world, like another celebrated French writer, Balzac, whilst thus occupied. A little garden house in which he ate and slept leads out of this delightful walk, a cloister of greenery, the high square-cut walls of yew shutting out everything but the sky. What would some of us give for such a retreat as this — an ideal of perfect tranquillity and isolation from the outer world that might have satisfied the soul of Schopenhauer itself? But the good things of life are not equally divided. The present bishop, an octogenarian who has long been quite blind, would perhaps prefer to hear more echoes from without. It happened that in our party was a little child of six, who with the inquisitiveness of childhood followed the servant in-doors while the rest waited at the door for permission to visit the palace. "I hear the footsteps of a child," said the old man, and bidding his young visitor approach, he gave him sugar-plums, kisses, and finally his blessing. Very likely the innocent prattlings of the child were as welcome to the old man as the sweetmeats to the little one on his knee.

The terraces of the episcopal garden cross the ancient walls of the city, and underneath the boulevards afford a promenade almost as pleasant. It must be admitted that much more pains are taken in France to embellish provincial towns with shady walks and public promenades than in England. The tiniest little town in Seine et Marne has its promenade, that is to say, an open green space and avenues, with benches for the passer-by. We cannot certainly sit out of doors as much as our French neighbors in consequence of our more changeable climate, but might not pleasant public squares and gardens, with bands playing gratuitously on certain evenings in the week, entice customers from the public-house? The traveller is shown the handsome private residences of rich Mellois, where, in the second week of

September 1870, were lodged the emperor of Germany, the prince Frederick Charles, and Prince Bismarck. Meaux, if one of the most prosperous, is also one of the most liberal of French cities, and has been renowned for its charity from early times. In the thirteenth century there were no fewer than sixty *hôtels-dieu léproseries* (hospitals for lepers) in the diocese; and in the present day it is true to its ancient traditions, being abundantly supplied with hospitals, etc.

Half an hour from Meaux by railway is the pretty little town of La Ferté sous Jouarre, coquettishly perched on the Marne, and not yet rendered unpoetic by the hum and bustle of commerce. Here even more than at Meaux the material well-being of all classes is especially striking. You see the women sitting in their little gardens at needlework; the children trotting off to school; the men busy in their respective callings; but all as it should be, no poverty, no dirt, no discontent: cheerfulness, cleanliness, and good clothes, are evidently everybody's portion. Yet it is eminently a working population; there are no fashionable ladies in the streets, no nursery maids with over-dressed charges on the public walks; the men wear blue blouses, the women cotton gowns; all belong to one class, and have no need to envy any other. Close to the railway station is a little inn where I saw an instance of the comfort enjoyed by these unpretentious citizens of this thrifty little town. The landlord, a particularly intelligent, and, *cela va sans dire*, well-mannered person, was waiting upon his customers in blue blouse, the landlady was as busy as could be in the kitchen. Both were evidently accustomed to plenty of work; yet when she took me over the house in order to show the accommodation for tourists, I found their own rooms furnished with Parisian elegance. There were velvet sofas and chairs, white lace curtains, polished floors, mirrors, hanging wardrobes, a sumptuous little bassinette for baby, and adjoining as charming a room for their elder daughter — a teacher in a day school — as any heiress to a large fortune could desire. This love of good furniture and in-door comfort generally seemed to me to speak much, not only for the taste, but the moral tone of the family. Evidently to these good people the home meant everything dearest to their hearts. You would not find extravagance in food and dress among them, or most likely any other but this. They work hard, they live frugally, but when the day's toil is

done, they like to have pretty things around them, and not only to repose but to enjoy.

La Ferté sous Jouarre is the seat of a large manufacture of millstones, exported to all parts of the world, and a very thriving little place. Large numbers of Germans are brought hither by commerce, and now live again among their French neighbors as peacefully as before the war. The attraction for tourists is, however, Jouarre, reached by a lovely drive of about an hour from the lower town. Leaving the river you ascend gradually, gaining at every step a richer and wider prospect; below, the blue river winding between green banks; above, a lofty ridge of wooded hills, with hamlets dotted here and there amid the yellow corn and luxuriant foliage. It is a bit of Switzerland, and has often been painted by French artists.

The love of flowers and flower-gardens, so painfully absent in the west of France, is here conspicuous. There are flowers everywhere, and some of the gardens give evidence of great skill and care. Jouarre is perched upon an airy green eminence, a quiet, old-world town, with an enormous convent in the centre, where some scores of cloistered nuns have shut themselves up for the glory of God. There they live as much in prison as if they were the most dangerous felons ever brought to justice; and a prison house indeed the convent looks, with its high walls, bars, and bolts. I had a little talk with the sister in charge of the porter's lodge, and she took me into the church, pointing to the high iron rails barring off the cloistered nuns with that expression of imbecile satisfaction as much inseparable from her calling as her unwholesome dress. "There is one young English lady here," she said, "formerly a Protestant; she is twenty-one, and only the other day took the perpetual vows." I wondered as I looked up at the barred windows how long this kind of suttée would be permitted in happy France, and indeed in any other country, and whether in the lifetime of that foolish English girl the doors would be opened, and she would be compelled to go forth and labor in the world like any other rational being. This dreary prison house, erected not in the interests of justice and society, but in order to gratify cupidity on one side and fanaticism on the other, afforded a painful contrast to the cheerful, active life outside. Close to the convent is one of the most curious monuments in the entire depart-

ment of Seine et Marne, namely, the famous Merovingian crypt, described by French archaeologists in the *Bulletin Monumental* and elsewhere. It is well known that during the Merovingian epoch, and under Charlemagne, long journeys were often undertaken in order to procure marble and other building-material for the Christian churches. Thus only can we account for the splendid columns of jasper, porphyry, Corinthian, and rare marbles of which this crypt is composed. The capitals of white marble, in striking contrast to the deep red, greens, and other colors of the columns, are richly carved with acanthus leaves, scrolls, and classic patterns, without doubt the whole having originally decorated some pagan temple. The chapel containing the crypt is said to have been founded in the seventh century, and speaks much for the enthusiasm and artistic spirit animating its builders. There is much elegance in these arches, also in the sculptured tombs of different epochs which, like the crypt, have been preserved so wonderfully until the present time. Other archæological treasures are here, notably the so-called *pietre des sonneurs de Jouarre* — stone of the Jouarre bellringers — a quaint design representing two bellringers at their task, with a legend underneath, dating from the fourteenth century. When I arrived at Jouarre, M. le curé and the sacristan were both absent, and as no one else possessed the key of the crypt, my chance of seeing it seemed small. However, some one obligingly set me on a voyage of discovery, and finally the sacristan's wife was found in a neighboring harvest field, and she bustled up, delighted to show everything; amongst other antiquities, some precious skulls and bones of saints, kept under lock and key in the sacristy, and only exposed on fête-days.

No one, however, need to have archæological tastes in order to enjoy these twin towns; alike scenery and people are charming, and the tourist is welcomed as a guest rather than a customer. But whether at Jouarre or anywhere else, he who knows most will see most; every day the dictum of the great Lessing being illustrated in travel: "*Wer viel weiss, hat viel zu sorgen.*" The mere lover of the picturesque, who cares nothing for French history, literature, and institutions, old or new, will get a superb landscape here and nothing more.

In striking contrast with the homely ease and well-to-do *terre-à-terre* about us at Couilly, is the princely château of the

Rothschilds at Ferrières, which none should miss seeing on any account whatever. With princely liberality also, Baron Rothschild admits any one to his fairland who takes the trouble to write for permission; and however much we may have been thinking of Haroun al Raschid, King Solomon, and the "Thousand and One Nights" beforehand, we shall not be disappointed. The very name of Rothschild fills us with awe and bewilderment. We prepare ourselves to be dazzled with gold and gems, to tread on carpets gorgeous as peacocks' tails, softer than eider-down; we pass through jasper and porphyry columns into regal halls where the acme of splendor can go no farther, where the walls are hung with tapestry and crimson satin, where every chair looks like a throne, and where on all sides mirrors reflect the treasures collected from all parts of the world. And we are not disappointed.

Quitting the railway at the cheerful, wealthy little town of Lagny, we drive past handsome country houses and well-kept flower gardens, and then gradually ascend a road winding amid hill and valley up to the château, a graceful structure in white marble, or so it seems, proudly commanding the wide landscape. The flower gardens are a blaze of colors, and the orange-trees give delicious fragrance as we ascend the terrace; ascend, indeed, being hardly the word applicable to steps sloping so easily upwards, and so nicely adjusted to the human foot, that climbing Mont Blanc under the same circumstances could be accomplished without fatigue. It is impossible to give any idea of the different kinds of magnificence that greet us on every side. Now a little Watteau world in tapestries having for background sky-blue satin and roses; now a dining hall, sombre, gorgeous, and majestic as that of a Spanish palace; now we are transported to Persia, China, and Japan; next we find ourselves amid unspeakable treasures of Italian and other marbles. To come down to practical details, it might be suggested to the generous owner of this noble treasure-house of art that the briefest possible catalogue of his choicest treasures would unspeakably oblige his visitors.

There is hardly a piece of furniture that is not interesting, alike from a historic and artistic point of view, whilst some are *chefs-d'œuvre* both in design and execution, and dazzlingly rich in material. Among these may be mentioned a pair of chimney ornaments thickly hung with pendants of precious stones; a piano — which

belonged to Marie Antoinette — the case of which is formed of tortoise-shell richly decorated with gold; a cabinet set with emeralds, sapphires, and other jewels; another composed of various precious stones; chairs and couches covered with exquisite tapestry of the Louis Quinze period; some rare specimens of old *cloisonné* work, also of Florentine mosaics — these forming a small part of this magnificent museum.

The striking feature is the great quantity and variety of rich marbles in every part. One of the staircases is entirely formed of different kinds of rare marble, the effect being extraordinarily imposing. Elsewhere a room is divided by Corinthian columns of jasper and porphyry, and on every side is displayed a wealth and splendor in this respect quite unique. Without doubt nothing lends such magnificence to interiors as marbles, but they require the spaciousness and princeliness of such a château as this to be displayed to advantage. Next in importance as a matter of mere decoration must be cited the tapestries, of which there is a rare and valuable collection, chiefly in the hall, so called, and where they are arranged about the running gallery surmounting the pictures. What this hall must be worth would perhaps sound fabulous on paper; it is here that some of the most precious cabinets are found; treasures of ivory, ebony, gems, gold and silver; and the pictures alone represent a princess's dowry. Examples of some of the great masters are here — Velasquez, Rembrandt, Rubens, Claude Lorraine, Bordone, Reynolds; lastly, among moderns, Ingres and Hippolyte Flandrin.

Much might be said about the pictures if space permitted, but they alone are worth making the journey from Paris to see. But the *crème de la crème* of Baron Rothschild's treasures is not to be found in this sumptuous hall, in spite of tapestries, pictures, marbles, and rare furniture, nor in the state *salon*, but in one of the dining-rooms, a marvellously rich and gorgeous apartment, where the wealth of gold and splendid colors is toned down, and the eye is rather refreshed than dazzled by the whole. On the walls, reaching from base to ceiling, are hung a series of six paintings on leather, known as the *cuirs de Cordoue*, or leather paintings from Cordova. They are historical and allegorical subjects, and are painted in rich colors with a great abundance of gold on a brown background, the general effect being that of a study in gold and brown. When looked at

narrowly we find great dramatic interest in the subjects, and a uniform masterliness of execution, but without a catalogue it is impossible to give any accurate idea of these gorgeous paintings. The entire department of Seine et Marne perhaps offers no greater rarity than these paintings on leather from Cordova of which we would fain know the history.*

So much for the treat in store for those art-lovers who find their way to the château of Ferrières, where none will fail to add something to his previous store of knowledge. Those who really value art in all its degrees as forming part of daily life, cannot study the exquisite designs, elaborate workmanship, and splendid materials of the furniture, decorations, and general fittings-up of such a place as this without feeling strongly how little that is new and modern can be compared to the old, whether we regard mere carpentry, general effect, solidity, or design. This is strikingly illustrated in the old and new Japanese *cloisonné* work, the former being infinitely richer, more brilliant, and more elaborate than the other.

When not disposed to go so far afield in search of pleasure and instruction, we find ample occupation close at hand. Even in this quiet little village of Couilly there is always something going on, either a *fête*, a prize-distribution, a ball, or some other local celebration. The *école communale* for boys and girls has just closed for the summer holidays, and last Sunday the prizes were given away with much state and ceremony. A tent was decorated with tricolor flags, wreaths, and flowers, the village band fetched the mayor and corporation, and marched them in to a spirited air. I had already seen a prize-distribution in the heart of Anjou, but how different to this! Here at Couilly it was difficult to believe that the fashionable Parisian toilettes around us belonged to the wives of small farmers who all the week time were busy in their dairy and poultry-yard, whilst the young ladies, of all ages from three to fifteen, their daughters, might have appeared at the lady mayoress's ball, so smart were their gala frocks, white muslin, and blue ribbons. A few mob caps among the old women and blue blouses among the men were seen, but the assemblage as a whole might be called a fashionable one, while in Anjou exactly the same class presented the homeliest appearance, all the female part of it

* See second volume of the *Bibliothèque de l'Art*. Paris: Quantin.

wearing white *coiffes* and plain black stuff gowns, the men blue blouses and sabots. Nor was the difference less striking in other respects. These boys and girls of rich tenant farmers, peasant proprietors, or even day laborers, are far ahead of the young people in Anjou, and each would be considered a wonder in benighted Brittany. They are in fact quite accomplished, not only learning singing, drawing, and other accomplishments, but to take part in dramatic entertainments. Two performances were given by the boys, two by the girls, a little play being followed by a recitation, and I must say I never heard anything of the kind in a village school in England. These children acquitted themselves of their parts remarkably well, especially the girls, and their accuracy, pure accent, and delivery generally spoke volumes for the training they had received. Of awkwardness there was not a trace. There were speeches from the mayor, M. le curé, and others, also music, singing, and a large number of excellent books were distributed, each recipient being at the same time crowned with a wreath of artificial flowers. It is to be hoped that ere many years the excellent education these children receive will be the portion of every boy and girl in France, and that an adult unable to read and write—the rule, not the exception, among the rural population in Brittany—will be unheard of. A friend of mine from Nantes recently took with him to Paris a young Breton maidservant, who had been educated by the "*bonnes sœurs*," that is to say, the nuns. What was the poor girl's astonishment to find that in Paris everybody was so far accomplished as to be able to read and write! Her surprise would have been greater still had she witnessed the acquirements and *aplomb* of these little Couilly girls, many of them, like herself, daughters of small peasant farmers. It must be mentioned for the satisfaction of those who regard the progress of education with some concern, that the elegant bonnets and dresses I speak of are laid aside on week days, and that nowhere in France do people work harder than here. But when not at work they like to wear fine clothes and read the newspaper as well as their neighbors. The amount of clothes these country women possess is often enormous, and they pride themselves upon the largest possible quantity of linen, a great part of which is of course laid by. They count their garments not by dozens but by scores, and can thus afford to wait for a quarterly washing day, as they often do.

It must be also mentioned that cleanliness is uniformly found throughout these flourishing villages, and in almost all hot and cold public baths. Dirt is as rare—I might almost say as unknown—as rags, neither of which as yet we have seen throughout our long walks and drives except in the case of a company of tramps we encountered one day. Drunkenness is also comparatively, in some places we might say absolutely, absent. As we make further acquaintance with these favored regions we might suppose that here at least the dreams of the Utopians had come true, and that poverty, squalor, and wretchedness were banished forever. The abundant crops around us are apportioned out to all, and the soil, which if roughly cultivated according to English notions, yet bears marvellously, is not the heritage of one or two but of the people. The poorest has his bit of land, to which he adds from time to time by the fruits of his industry; and though tenant farming is carried on largely, owing to the wealth and enterprise of the agricultural population, the tenant farmers almost always possess land of their own, and they hire more in order to save money for future purchases. Of course they could only make tenant farming pay by means of excessive economy and laboriousness, as the rents are high, but in these respects they are not wanting. The fertility of the soil is not more astonishing than the variety of produce we find here, though pasturage and cheese-making are chiefly depended on in some neighborhoods, and fruit crops in others. The pastures are very fine, but we seldom see cattle out to graze; probably the harvest work requires all hands, and as there are no fences between field and meadow, this may account for what appears bad management. The large heap of manure being dried up by the sun in the middle of the farmyard also looks like unthriftiness, whilst the small, dark, and ill-ventilated dairies make us wonder that the manufacture of the famous Brie cheese should be the profitable thing it is. At the farm we visited we saw thirty-six splendid Normandy cows, the entire milk produce of which was used for cheese-making. Yet nothing could appear worse than the dairy arrangements from a hygienic point of view, and the absolute cleanliness requisite for dairy work was wanting. These Brie cheeses are made in every farm, small and great, and large quantities are sent to the Meaux market on Saturdays, where the sale alone reaches the sum of five or

six millions of francs yearly. The process is a very simple one, and is of course perpetually going on. Our hostess at one of the larger and more prosperous of these farms showed us everything, and regaled us abundantly with the fresh milk warm from the cow. Here we saw an instance of the social metamorphosis taking place in these progressive districts. The mistress of the house, a bright, clever woman, occupied all day with what we in England should call the drudgery of the farmhouse, is yet fairly educated, and though now neatly dressed in plain cotton gown, on Sunday dresses like any other lady for the promenade. Her mother, still clinging to past customs, appeared in short stuff petticoat, wooden shoes, and yellow handkerchief wrapped round her head; whilst the children, who in due time will be trained to toil like their neighbors, are being well taught in the village school. These people are wealthy, and may be taken as types of the farming class here, though many of the so-called *cultivateurs*, or proprietors farming their own land, live in much easier style, the men managing the business, the ladies keeping the house, and the work of the farm being left to laborers. The rent of good land is about fifty shillings an acre, and wages in harvest time four francs (3s. 4d.) with board. The farms, while large by comparison with anything found in Brittany and Anjou, are small measured by our scale, being from fifty to two or three hundred acres.

Steam threshing has long been in use here, but of course not generally, as the smaller patches of corn only admit of the old system, and the corn is so ripe that it is often threshed on the field immediately after cutting. The harvesting process is often very slow, and we often see only one or two laborers on a single patch; one wheat-field near us occupied a man and a girl an entire week in the reaping. But there is no waiting as a rule for fine weather to dry and cart away the corn, and masters and men work with a will. We must indeed watch a harvest from beginning to end to realize the laboriousness of a farmer's life here. Upon one occasion, when visiting a farm of a hundred and thirty acres, we found the farmer and his mother both hard at work in the field, the former carting away straw, the corn being threshed by machinery in the field, the latter tying it up. Yet this man possessed a good income independent of his gains as a farmer. The look of cheerfulness animating all faces was delightful to behold. The farmer's countenance beamed with satis-

faction, and one may be sure not without good cause. The farmhouse and buildings were spacious and handsome, and as is generally the case here, were surrounded by a high wall, having a large court in the centre where a goodly number of geese, turkeys, and poultry were disporting themselves. Here we found only a few cows, but they were evidently very productive from the quantity of cheeses in the dairy. Sheep are not kept here largely, and grazing bullocks still less. The farmer therefore relies chiefly on his dairy, next on his corn and fruit crops, and as bad seasons are rare, both these seldom fail him.

But these pleasant villages have generally some other interest besides their rich harvests and picturesque sites. In some of the smallest you may find exquisite little churches, such as La Chapelle sur Crécy, a veritable cathedral in miniature. Crécy was once an important place, with ninety-nine towers and double ramparts, traces of which still remain. A narrow stream runs at the back of the town, and quaint enough are the little houses perched beside it, each with its garden and tiny drawbridge drawn at night—the oddest scene—of which a sketcher might make something. A sketcher indeed must be a happy person her, so many quiet subjects offering themselves at every turn. Many of these village churches date from the thirteenth century, and are alike picturesque within and without, their spires and gabled towers imparting the leading character to the landscape. Nowhere indeed in France do you find more picturesque village churches, not a few ranking among the historic monuments of France. Here and there are châteaux with old-fashioned gardens and noble avenues, and we have only to ask permission at the porter's lodge to walk in and enjoy them at leisure. In one of these the lady of the house, who was sitting out of doors, kindly beckoned us to enter as we passed, and we had the pleasure of listening under some splendid old oaks to the oriole's song, and of seeing a little cluster of eucalyptus trees, two surprises we had not looked for. The oriole, a well-known and beautiful American bird, and a songster that may be compared to the nightingale, is indeed no stranger here, and having once heard and seen him you cannot mistake him for any other bird. His song is an invariable prognostic of rain, as we discover on further acquaintance. The *Eucalyptus globulus*, or blue gum tree, native of Australia and now so success-

fully acclimatized in Algeria, the Cape, the Riviera, and other countries, is said to flourish in the region of the olive only, but we were assured by our *châtelaine* that it bears the frost of these northern zones. I confess I thought her plantation looked rather sickly, and considering that the climate is, like that of Paris, subject to short spells of severe cold in winter and great changes at all times, I doubt much in the experiment. But the health-giving, fever-destroying eucalyptus is not needed in this well-wooded, healthy country, for the splendid foliage of acacia, walnut, oak, and birch leave nothing to desire either in the matter of shade or ornament; A lover of trees, birds, and whispering breezes will say, that here at least is a corner, if not of the celestial, the earthly paradise.

Nowhere is summer to be more revelled in, more amply tasted, than in these rustic villages, where yet creature comforts abound, and nowhere is the *dolce far niente* mood so easily induced. Why should we be at the trouble to undertake a hot dusty railway journey in search of dolmens, thirteenth-century churches, Gaelic tombs, and feudal remains when we have the essence of deliciousness at our very doors, waving fields of ripe corn, where the reapers in twos and threes are at work (picturesque figures that seem to have walked out of Millet's canvas), lines of poplars along the curling river; beyond, hills covered with woods, here and there a clustering village or château breaking the green? This is the picture, partially screened by noble acacia-trees, that I have from my window, accompanied by the music of waving barley and wheat, dancing leaves, and chaffinches tame as canaries singing in the branches.

About a mile off is the little village of Villiers, which is even prettier than our own, and which of course artists have long ago found out. Villiers sur Morin would be an admirable summer resort for an artist fond of hanging woods, running streams, and green pastures; and a dozen more possessing the same attractions lie close at hand. But though within so easy a distance of Paris, life is homely, and fastidious travellers must keep to the beaten tracks and high roads where good hotels are to be found. When he goes into the byways, a wayside inn is all that he must expect; and if there is no diligence, a lift in the miller's or baker's cart. The farmers' wives driving to market with their cheese and butter are always willing to give the stranger a seat, but money must

not be offered in return for such obligingness. We must never forget that if these country folk are laborious, and perhaps even sordid in their thriftiness, they are proud, and refuse to be paid for what costs them nothing.

But no matter how enamored of green fields and woodland walks, we must tear ourselves away for a day to see the famous "chocolate city" of M. Menier, the modern marvel *par excellence* of the department, and a piece of the most perfect organization it is possible to conceive. M. Menier undoubtedly has aimed at making the best chocolate that ever rejoiced the palate; he has achieved far greater things than this in giving us one of the happiest and most delightful social pictures that ever charmed the heart. Again we make the pretty little town of Lagny our starting-point, and having passed a succession of scattered farmhouses and wide cornfields, we come gradually upon a miniature town built in red and white. So coquettishly, airily, daintily placed is the city of chocolate amid orchards and gardens that, at first sight, a spectator is inclined to take it rather for a settlement of such dreamers as assembled together at Brook Farm to poetize, philosophize, and make love, than of artisans engaged in the practical business of life. This long street of charming cottages, having gardens around and on either side, is planted with trees, so that in a few years' time it will form as pleasant a promenade as the Parisian boulevards. We pass along, admiring the abundance of flowers everywhere, and finally reach a large open square, around which are a congeries of handsome buildings, all, like the dwelling-houses, new, cheerful, and having trees and benches in front. Here are co-operative stores, schools, libraries; beyond, to the left, stands the château of M. Menier, surrounded by gardens, and to the right the manufactory. The air is here fragrant, not with roses and jessamine, but with the grateful aroma of chocolate, reminding us that we are indeed in a city, if not literally a pile of cacao, yet owing its origin to the products of that wonderful tree, or rather to the ingenuity by which its resources have been turned to such account. The works are built on the river Marne, and having seen the vast hydraulic machines, we enter a lift with the intelligent foreman deputed to act as guide, and ascend to the topmost top of the many-storied, enormous building in which the cocoa berry is metamorphosed into the delicious compound known as *chocolat*.

Menier. This is a curious experience, and the reverse of most other intellectual processes, since here, instead of mounting the ladder of knowledge gradually, we find ourselves placed on a pinnacle of ignorance from which we descend by degrees, finding ourselves enlightened when we at last touch *terra firma*. Our aerial voyage accomplished therefore in the lift, we see process No. 1, namely, the baking of the berry, this of course occupying vast numbers of hands, all consisting of men, on account of the heat and laboriousness required in the operation. Descending a story, we find the berry already in a fair way to become edible, and giving out an odor something like chocolate; here the process consists in sorting and preparing for grinding; the vast masses of cocoa, it is hardly necessary to say, coming down automatically by machinery. Lower still we find M. Menier's great adjunct in the fabrication of chocolate, namely, sugar, coming into play, and no sooner are sugar and berry put together than the compound becomes chocolate in reality. Lower still we find processes of refining and drying going on, an infinite number being required before the necessary fineness is attained. Lower still we come to a very hot place indeed, but, like all the other vast compartments of the manufactory, as well ventilated, spacious, and airy as is possible under the circumstances, the workman's inconvenience from the heat being thereby reduced to a minimum. Here it is highly amusing to watch the apparently intelligent machines which divide the chocolate into half-pound lumps, the process being accomplished with incredible swiftness. Huge masses of chocolate in this stage, awaiting the final preparation, are seen here, all destined at last to be put, half a pound at a time, into a little baking tin, to be baked like a hot cross bun, the name of Menier being stamped on at the same time. A good deal of manipulation is necessary in this process, but we must go down a stage lower to see the dexterity and swiftness with which the chief manual tasks in the fabrication of chocolate are performed. Here women are chiefly employed, and their occupation is to envelop the half-pound cake of chocolate in three papers — first silver, next yellow, and finally sealing it up in the well-known white cover familiar to all of us. These feminine fingers work so fast and with such marvellous precision that if the intricate pieces of machinery we have just witnessed seemed gifted with human intelligence and docility, on the other hand

the women at work in this department appeared like animated machines — no blundering, no halting, no alteration of working pace. Their fluttering fingers indeed worked with beautiful promptitude and regularity; and as everybody in M. Menier's "city of chocolate" is well-dressed and cheerful, there was nothing painful in the monotony of their toil or unremitting application.

On the same floor are the packing departments, where we see the cases destined for all parts of the world. Thus quickly and easily we have descended the ladder of learning, and have acquired some faint notion of the way in which the hard, brown, tasteless cocoa berry is transformed into one of the most agreeable and wholesome compounds as yet invented for our delectation. Of course many intermediate processes have had to be passed by, also many interesting features in the organization of the various departments — these to be realized must be seen.

There are one or two points, however, I will mention. In the first place, when we consider the enormous duty on sugar, and the fact that chocolate, like jam, is composed half of sugar and half of berry, we are at first at a loss to understand how chocolate-making can bring in such large returns as it must do — in the first place to have made M. Menier a bis-millionaire, in the second to enable him to carry out his philanthropic schemes utterly regardless of cost. But we must remember that there is but one chocolate-Menier in the world, and that in spite of the enormous machinery at work night and day, working-day and Sunday, supply can barely keep pace with demand; also that M. Menier possesses cocoa and sugar plantations, thus getting his raw material at first hand.

A staff of night workers are at rest in the daytime, in order to keep the machinery going at work, and, to my regret, I learned that the workshops are not closed on Sundays. M. Menier's workpeople doubtless get ample holidays, but the one day's complete rest out of the seven, the portion of all with us, is denied them. By far the larger portion of the chocolate-Menier is consumed in France, where, as in England and America, it stands unrivalled. M. Menier may therefore be said to possess a monopoly, and seeing how largely he lavishes his ample wealth on others, none can grudge him such good fortune.

Having witnessed the transformation of one of the most unpromising-looking berries imaginable into the choicest of sweet-

meats, the richest of the "cups that cheer but not inebriate," lastly, one of the best and most nourishing of the lighter kinds of food, we have to witness a transformation more magical still, namely, the hard life of toil made comparatively easy, the drudgery of mechanical labor lightened, the existence of the human machine made hopeful, healthful, reasonable, and happy. Want, squalor, disease, and drunkenness have been banished from the city of chocolate, and thrift, health, and prosperity reign in their stead. Last of all, ignorance has vanished also, a thorough education being the happy portion of every child within its precincts. Our first visit is to what is called the *école gardienne*, or infant school—like the rest, kept up entirely at M. Menier's expense—and herein the founder's gift of organization is seen more strikingly than anywhere. These children, little trotting things from three to five years old, have a large playground, open in summer, covered in winter, and a spacious school-room, in which they receive lessons in singing, ABC, and so on. Instead of being perched on high benches without backs, and their legs dangling, as is the case in convent schools for the poor, they have delightful little easy-chairs and tables accommodated to their size, each little wooden chair with backs, having seats for two, so that instead of being crowded and disturbing each other, the children sit in couples, with plenty of room and air, and in perfect physical comfort. No hollow cheeks, no bent backs, no crookedness here. Comfortable as princes these children sit in their chairs, having their feet on the floor and their backs where they ought to be, namely, on a support. Leading out of the schoolroom are two small rooms, where we saw a pleasant sight—a dozen cots, clean and cosy, on which sturdy boys and girls of a year old were taking their midday's sleep. We next went into the girls' school, which is under the charge of a certificated mistress, and where the pupils remain till thirteen or fourteen years of age, receiving exactly the same education as the boys, and without a fraction of cost to the parents. The course of study embraces all branches of elementary knowledge, with needlework, drawing, history, singing, and bookkeeping. Examinations are held, and certificates of progress awarded. We found the girls taking a lesson in needlework—the only point in which their education differs from that of the boys—and the boys at their drawing-class, all the schools being lofty, well-aired, and admirably arranged.

Adjoining the schools is the library, open to all members of the community, and where many helps to adult study are afforded. On the other side of the pleasant green square, so invitingly planted with trees, stands the co-operative store, which is of course a most important feature in the organization of the community. There meat, groceries, and other articles of daily domestic consumption are sold at low prices, and of the best possible quality, the membership of course being the privilege of the thrifty and the self-denying, who belong to the association by payment. I did not ask if intoxicating drinks were sold on the premises, for such an inquiry would have been gratuitous. The cheerful, tidy, healthful looks of the population proclaimed their sobriety; and some *sirup de groseille* offered to me in one cottage showed that such delicious drinks are made at home as to necessitate no purchases abroad.

There is also a savings' bank which all are invited to patronize, six and a half per cent. being the incentive held out to these economizers on a small scale. But neither the school, nor the co-operative store, nor the savings' bank, can make the working man's life what it should be without the home; and it is here that alike M. Menier's philanthropy and organization have achieved the greatest results. These dwellings, each block containing two, are admirably arranged, with two rooms on the ground-floor, two above, a capital cellar, office, and last, but not least, a garden. The workman pays a hundred and twenty francs, rather less than five pounds a year, for this accommodation, which it is hardly necessary to say is the portion of very few artisans in France or elsewhere. The *cité*, as it is called, being close to the works, they can go home to their meals; and though the women are largely employed in the manufactory, the home need not be neglected. It was delightful to witness my cicerone's pleasure in his home. He was a workman of superior order; and though, as he informed me, of no great education, yet possessed of literary and artistic tastes. The little parlor was as comfortable a room as any reasonable person could desire. There were books on the shelves, and pictures over the mantelpiece; among these portraits of M. Thiers, Gambetta, and M. Menier, for all of whom he expressed great admiration. "Ah!" he said, "I read the newspaper, and I know a little history, but in my time education was not thought of. These children here have now the

chance of being whatever they like." He showed me his garden, every inch of which was made use of, fruits, flowers, and vegetables growing luxuriantly in this well-selected site. The abundance of flowers was particularly striking, especially to those familiar with certain districts of France where a flower is never thought of. M. Menier himself must have as strong a passion for gardening as for philosophy, judging from the enormous gardens adjoining his handsome château; and perhaps his love of flowers — always a most humanizing taste — has set the example. These brilliant parterres, whether seen in the vast domains of the master or the humble homesteads of the men, delightfully break the red and white uniformity of the "city of chocolate," flowers above, around, and on every side. There is also a profusion of fruits and vegetables, land quite recently laid under cultivation soon yielding returns in this favored spot.

With regret we turn our backs upon an experiment as unique as it is successful in the history of social organization. Wherever we go, in whatever corner of the world we see or taste the famous chocolate-Menier, we shall henceforth be reminded of something which will lend additional sweetness and flavor. We shall recall a community of working people whose toil is lightened and elevated, whose position is made rational and happy by a sympathy and munificence rarely found allied. Many others have spent perhaps as much for the good of their working people as M. Menier. To few is granted so happy a gift of organization, and of fitting the means to the end. More lessons than one will be carried away by the least or most instructed visitor to the delightful little "city of chocolate" on the banks of the Marne.

The pretty little town of Lagny should detain the traveller for an hour or two, which he cannot do better than spend on the river. There are boats to be had, and I daresay an enterprising explorer could find his way back to Esbly or Meaux without having recourse to the railway.

Church-going in this rich cheese-making country is at all times a dreary affair, as I have said, but especially just now, when partly from harvest-work going on all Sunday, and partly from lack of devotion, both Catholic and Protestant places of worship are all but empty. For there is a strong Protestant element here, dating from the Huguenot times, and in the neighboring village of Quincey are found

a Protestant church and school. One Sunday morning I set off with two friends to attend service, announced to take place at eleven o'clock, but on arriving at Quincey we found the "temple" locked, and not a sign of any coming ceremonial. Being very hungry after our long walk through cornfields and vineyards, we went to a little baker's shop in search of a roll, and there realized the hospitable spirit of these good Briards. The mistress of the shop very kindly invited me into a little back room, and regaled me with excellent household bread, Brie cheese, and the wine of the country, refusing to be paid for her refreshments. This little meal finished I joined my friends at the church, which was now open, and in company with half-a-dozen school-children we quietly waited to see what would eventually take place. By-and-by one or two peasant-folk dropped in; then the schoolmaster appeared, and we were informed that it being the first Sunday in the month the pastor had to do duty in an adjoining parish according to custom, and that the schoolmaster would read the prayers and lessons instead. A psalm was sung, portions of Scripture and short prayers followed, another straggler or two joining the little congregation as the service went on. The schoolmaster, who read, played the harmonium, and sang exceedingly well, finally read a brief exposition on the portion of Scripture read, whereupon, after further singing, we broke up. These country pastors, like the priests, receive very small pay from the State.

In the afternoon we went to the parish church of Couilly whilst vespers were going on. If the little Protestant assemblage I had just witnessed was touching, this was painful, and might have afforded an artist an admirable subject for a picture. Sitting on a high stool, with his back to the congregation, consisting of three old women, was the priest, on either side the vergers, one in white stole, the other in purple with a scarlet cap, all three chanting in loud monotonous tones, and of course in Latin, now and then the harmonium giving a faint accompaniment. On either side of these automatic figures were rows of little boys in scarlet and white, who from time to time made their voices heard also. As a background to this scene was the pretty little Gothic interior, the whiteness of aisle and transept being relieved by the saffron-colored ribs of the arches and columns; the church of Couilly being curious without and beautiful within, like many other parish churches

here. After a time one of the vergers blew out the three wax lights on a side altar, and all three retired, each scurrying away in different directions with very little show of reverence. How different to the crowded churches in Brittany, where, whether at mass or vespers, hardly standing-room is to be found! How long Catholicism will hold its sway over the popular mind there depends of course greatly on the priests themselves, who, if ignorant and coarse-mannered, at least set their flocks a better example in the matter of morals than here. The less said about this subject the better. French priests are, whichever way we regard them, objects of commiseration, but there can be no doubt that the indifference shown to religion in the flourishing department of Seine et Marne has been brought about by the priests themselves and their open disregard of decorum. Their domestic lives are an open book which all who run may read!

Some of them, however, occupy their time very harmlessly and profitably in gardening and bee-keeping, their choicest fruits and vegetables, like those of their neighbors, going to England. We went one day, carrying big baskets with us, to visit a neighboring *curé* famous for his greengages, and whose little *presbytère* looked very inviting with its vine-covered walls and luxuriant flower-garden. The *curé*, who told us he had been gardening that morning from four till six o'clock, received us very courteously, yet in a business-like way, and immediately took us to his fruit and vegetable garden some way off. Here we found the greatest possible profusion and evidence of skilful gardening. The fruit trees were laden; there were Alpine strawberries with their bright red fruit, currants, melons, apricots, etc., and an equal variety of vegetables. Not an inch of ground was wasted, nor were flowers wanting for adornment and the bees. Splendid double sunflowers, veritable little suns of gold; garden mallows, gladiolus, and others. A score and more of hives completed the picture, which its owner contemplated with natural pride.

"You have only just given your orders in time, ladies," he said; "all my greengages are to be gathered forthwith for the English market. Ah! those English, those English, they take everything! our best fruit — and the island of Cyprus!"

Whereupon I ventured to rejoin that at least if we robbed our French neighbors of their best fruit, our money found its way into the grower's pocket. Of course

these large purchases in country places make home produce dearer for the inhabitants, but as the English agents pay a higher price than others, the peasants and farmers hail their appearance with delight. The fruit has to ripen on its way, and to enjoy a "Reine Claude" or melon to the full, we must taste it here. This *curé* makes a good deal by his bees, and the honey of these parts is first-rate. On the whole, small as is their pay, these parish priests cannot be badly off, seeing that they get extra money by their garden produce and largely also by baptismal and other church fees. Then, of course, it must be remembered that nothing is expected of them in the way of charity, as with our clergy. "*Nous recevons toujours, nous ne donnons jamais*," was the reply of a French bishop on being asked an alms by some benevolent lady for a *protégé*.

Scattered throughout these fertile and prosperous regions are ancient towns, some of which are reached by separate little lines of railway, others are accessible by road only. Coulommiers is one of these, and though there is nothing attractive about it except a most picturesque old church and a very pretty walk by the winding Grand-Morin, it is worth making the two hours' drive across country for the sake of the scenery. As there is no direct communication with Couilly and no possibility of hiring a carriage at this busy season, I gladly accepted a neighbor's offer of a seat in his "trap," a light spring-cart with a capital horse. The third spare seat was occupied by a neighboring notary, the two men discussing metaphysics, literature, and the origin of things on their way. We started at seven o'clock in the morning, and lovely indeed looked the wide landscape in the tender light, valley and winding river and wooded ridge being soon exchanged for wide open spaces covered with corn and autumn crops. Farming here is carried on extensively, some of these rich farms numbering several hundred acres. The farmhouses and buildings surrounded with a high stone wall are few and far between, and the separate crops cover much larger tracts than here. It was market-day at Coulommiers, and on our way we passed many farmers and farmeresses jogging to market, the latter with their fruit and vegetables, eggs and butter, in comfortable covered carts. Going to market in France means indeed what it did with us a hundred years ago; yet the farmers and farmers' wives looked the picture of prosperity. In some cases fashion had so far got the better of tradi-

tion that the reins were handled by a smart-looking young lady in hat and feathers and fashionable dress, but for the most part by toil-embrowned, homely women, with a colored handkerchief twisted round their head, and no pretension to gentility. The farmers wear blue blouses, and were evidently accustomed to hard work, but for all that it was easy to see that they were possessed both of means and intelligence. Like the rest of the Briard population they are fine fellows, tall, with regular features and frank, good-humored countenances. Some of these farmers are in receipt of what is considered a fair income for an English vicar or rector, wholly irrespective of their farming gains, but they work all the same. I went inside the fine old church, and, though the doors were open, found it empty except for a little market girl who, having deposited her basket, was bent not on prayer but on counting her money. In Brittany on market days there is never a lack of pious worshippers. The interior of this picturesque church is very quaintly colored, and as a whole is well worth seeing. Like many other towns in these parts Coulommiers dates from an ancient period, and long belonged to the English crown. Alternately ravaged during the Hundred Years' War and the religious wars and troubles of the League, nothing to speak of remains of its old walls and towers of defence. Market day is a sight there, and the show of melons alone made a subject for a painter. The weather-beaten market-women, with their gay colored handkerchiefs round their heads, their blue gowns, the delicious color and lovely forms of the fruit — all this must be seen. Here and there were large pumpkins, cut open to show the ripe red pulp, with abundance of purple plums, apples, and pears just ripening, and bright yellow apricots on every side. It was clear "*les Anglais*" had not carried off all the fruit! At Coulommiers or elsewhere you may search in vain for rags, dirt, or a sign of beggary. Every one is homely, prosperous, and wears a cheerful countenance.

[NOTE. — It will be seen that I have given the reader no information about hotels, and this requires a word of explanation. Whether travelling in Seine et Marne or elsewhere, I make it a rule never to patronize a hotel if I can possibly help it; my theory is that the mere tourist sees nothing — at least to write about, and that the only way to make travel, especially French travel, profitable is to live among the people and see things from their point of view. Thus I get handed on from one French friend to another, and make as

many possible excursions from the same starting point, instead of flying from point to point by railway. I have no doubt that all the pleasant towns and villages I mention have little inns where people not too particular are made comfortable, whilst those able to spend money on a handsome scale would doubtless find furnished houses at almost the same rate as in the fashionable watering-places. This picturesque region is moreover not to be scampered through, but to be seen quietly and leisurely, and commends itself to the lovers of natural beauty and rustic life only. Artist and angler alike must be well satisfied unless hard to please.] M. B.-E.

From The Spectator.

APOLOGIES.

We have sometimes wished that in small social matters it were possible that private persons should be made aware of the impression they produce on their neighbors to the same extent that public men are, and have imagined to ourselves some such officer, on a small scale, as the speaker of the House of Commons, empowered to watch over social demeanor, and impose on the offender against the laws of good-breeding the expiation of an adequate apology. A good deal that ruffles and chills the surface of intercourse would, if it were acknowledged and regretted, be at an end. Sometimes it would even be changed into an influence for good. Many a little slip of manners, many a momentary lapse of considerateness and self-control, would not only be wiped out by an apology, — it would be often replaced by a pleasing recollection of the frank and hearty expression of regret which always draws people nearer; and such an expression would often be readily forthcoming, if only there were any perception of its necessity, or any easy way of making it. Of course there are offences in which an apology makes very little difference. If a man has abused confidence, or made mischief, then though the apology ought to be made, we cannot promise him that it will reinstate him in the good graces of his friends. The harm here is in the thing done, — the doer's feelings about it are secondary. But in a thousand tiny social offences the proportion is the other way. To speak of one which may seem too small to mention, and yet which is one of the commonest sources of minute social annoyance, — how many a tiny gnat-sting would have all its irritation allayed, if our friend could realize that being kept waiting

is disagreeable, and that he, having caused us this unpleasant little experience, ought to express and to feel regret for it. If this were acted upon, not only would these small offences be often readily forgotten, but also they would be much seldomer repeated. There is a greater influence than we are apt to imagine in any symbol of intention, and an apology, if it were really adequate, would always impress on the mind of its author that he must not make it over again.

This last circumstance, however, is indispensable. If in reward for the originality of our suggestion we were appointed to fill the post we have adumbrated, it should stand as one of the first decisions on our "perpetual edict" that no apology should be made twice. The charming friend who murmurs a gracious excuse, as she takes her seat (for this sort of offence is exclusively womanly, we believe) in a carriage full of sulky people whose tempers have been evaporating for the last ten minutes, should be condemned to keep her regrets to herself. The consolation of supposing herself a pleasing member of society because she has represented herself as overwhelmed with sorrow for making us miss the appointment or the train, or even put us into a flutter at the chance, should henceforth be denied her. Still more severely should we deal with those curious apologies which take the form of a simple statement of this offence, and which are indeed its usual accompaniment. "I am afraid we are rather late?" "You are afraid, indeed! You know you have kept us looking at the clock, and considering whether we might order dinner to be served, for the best part of an hour. You know it perfectly, you knew it would be so when you ordered your carriage, when you kept it waiting, when you stepped into it, and finally, when you stopped at your host's door. Rebuke and exhortation would be wasted on you; your other merits, whatever they may be, may still possibly ensure the hospitality you so liberally abuse; but one thing you shall not do, you shall not go on putting your selfishness into a very inadequate statement, and fancying *that* an apology." The fear which does not influence the most insignificant of your actions shall be debarred from all influence on your words, forevermore."

Our most absolute prohibition, indeed, should be made against the form of apology which is much the commonest. There should, under our rule, be a sudden and permanent cessation of all apologies for neglect of social attention. Nobody should

be allowed to give the statement that he or she "has been wanting to come and see you" the aspect of apology. The frequency of this form of attention is a curious instance of the prevalence of egotism, even when people most wish to consider their neighbors. How often does its object with difficulty suppress in answer Mr. Toots's well-known comment, "It's of no consequence, thank you." Very often the apology is the first intimation of the neglect. Why are you to force your friend to find some civil paraphrase for "I was not aware that you had not been to see me"? What answer can be given to these apologies combining truth and politeness, indeed, we are entirely ignorant. There is a ditch on each side the way. You may easily contract too much of Mr. Toots's style, and be too eager to make your friend quite easy as to any intermission of his visits, and this is the side on which we would counsel our readers to be most assiduously on their guard. But if, in your desire to escape this danger, you profess any keen sense of the pleasure of your friend's society, you are enhancing the sin for which he is professing penitence. We really are unable to recommend a suitable formula for a well-bred person on receiving this kind of apology. All the answers which naturally suggest themselves are a rebuke to self-importance or a reproach. Surely it is the most elementary rule of politeness that one should make no apology which it is difficult to answer.

Of course it does happen occasionally that one person feels disappointed at want of attention from another. But it happens so much more often that we overrate the importance of our attentions, that on this account alone we would recommend each of our friends to take it for granted that his absence has been unnoticed in the crowd. It is curiously difficult to take this for granted. It is more difficult, we believe, for any one really and practically to bring home to his imagination that he is an object of entire indifference, than that he is disliked. This last, indeed, is not a matter of great difficulty. We are all, at times, distasteful to ourselves. We can readily imagine, even before we are forced to believe, that the sentiment may be shared by others. But that we should actually not be taken cognizance of, one way or another, that it should be all one whether we are there or not there, this is a state of mind nobody has any help in imagining from the most diligent self-examination. He must, to understand it,

make that most difficult effort of suppressing all sense of self, and putting himself in the place of another. Nobody can really believe that he is the average man. He may think himself exceptionally faulty, perhaps — we are speaking of a state of mind quite possible to the humblest of men — still he cannot realize that the chief thing about him to other people is that he is just a specimen of humanity. It is strange, for this is what we must all be, to the bulk of our acquaintance. However, the difficulty of conceiving this of oneself is almost insuperable. Each of us knows so much in himself that is unlike other people, that he cannot conceive how these things are not present to the mind of any one who reflects upon him for a moment. He forgets that the most commonplace person of his acquaintance might say the same. It is our own belief that a commonplace person is a merely relative term, like a first cousin once removed. At a certain distance people are commonplace, and the distance varies. A considerable force of character impresses itself on the attention a long way off. But those people must seem commonplace outside the range of intimacy, and the capacity for intimacy is limited.

These considerations, indisputable as they are, being so difficult to realize, we would bring forward another, not more obvious, for that is impossible, but more easy of practical application. Supposing you are one of the small number of people who can say, "I am sorry I have not been able to come and see you," without rousing to the lips of your friend the suppressed reply, "I really have not missed you," — still, it must be remembered that neglect is not one of the offences that an apology wipes out. We are not, of course, taking into account the cases where there is any explanation to be offered. We do not call the information that our friend has been laid up with a sprained ankle an apology. We are speaking of *bond fide* apologies, — real confessions of failure, as far as they go, in what is assumed to be the duties of friendship; and while we allow that a great many failures are more than compensated for by being confessed, we urge that neglect is commonly enhanced thereby. "I am sorry you are so little brilliant or interesting, that I can always find something better to do than to come and see you," is a statement you cannot make pleasing by the cleverest paraphrase. Yet people are always thinking this may be done by simply suppressing the most obvious part of their case. They hope their

friend will jump at once from the fact to their sorrow for it, and will feel gratified by the association. But he can only make the transit by the ordinary stepping-stones; the least logical of human beings must feel, with Polonius, —

But this effect, defective, comes by cause,

and so finds himself contemplating his own stupidity or vulgarity, or even his simple insignificance. A pleasing object you have pointed out to him, in your anxiety to be civil!

We are unable to suggest a good recipe for rendering neglect palatable. "Least said, soonest mended," is the only scrap of wisdom we have to offer on the subject. We have, indeed, heard of an apology made to a lady for omitted attentions on the score that the apologizer had been unaware of her good position in society, which apology so delighted her that she rather encouraged the acquaintance in consequence. But her gratification was of a kind which probably the most benevolent of us are not eager to afford our friends, and we cannot recall another instance of this kind of excuse proving satisfactory. We do not even counsel much explanation of a more adequate and dignified character if it is to apply to the future as well as the past. As people get busier, or feebler, or more sought after, they are obliged, more or less, to "weed" their acquaintance, as the saying is, and they may often feel, in doing this, that, from a different point of view, the possible friend would be anything but a weed. We are informed that it is a gross sign of bad gardening to allow a daisy to show its modest face on a lawn, but the owner of a trim villa may admire Wordsworth's verses on the flower all the same; and something like this may be the feeling of many persons, when they decide that some old acquaintance must be no more encouraged, or some new one repelled. We have never seen any attempt at explanation in the case, however, that did not strike us as a mistake. The most careful enumeration of one's many claims only drives home to the mind of the unsuccessful claimant the consciousness that he is not sufficiently important to be admitted to the lists. That is the last thing in the mind of the speaker, but by the law of mental parallax, which it is so difficult to allow for, it must be the first in the mind of the hearer. We have known persons whose minutes were valuable spend many of them, where two civil lines were all that was needed, in making an answer to a note ungracious, stilted,

and tiresome.* No doubt their view was that all this explanation softened the refusal of the invitation to dinner, or whatever it was, but the truth is that simplicity in these matters is as much more gracious as happily—though the fact is by no means universally acted upon—it is also more convenient.

Another form of apology with which we would wage war is any in which the apologizer assures his friend he had no intention of giving offence. Has he ever such an intention? The excuse had some meaning in former days; it was allowable to tell a man the speaker had no intention of offending him when the offence was the first step towards shooting him, and as a synonym for not wishing that result, we should permit it still. But it wants pistols and seconds in the background to give it any meaning whatever. Men only mean to offend each other when they would, in former days, have been ready to kill each other. They are offensive from inconsiderateness, from selfishness, from stupidity, from want of imagination, not once in a thousand times from intending to be so. What people often mean, however, by saying that they meant no offence was that they meant well. It is a very different thing to mean not to be offensive, and not to mean to be offensive, and we would by no means suppress the statement of the first, but we would never allow any one to think that the mere absence of an intention to give pain or annoyance ought to be mentioned as bearing on the fact that the thing has been done. The question is whether this uneasy feeling is reasonable; that there was no intention to produce it proves nothing, one way or another, and may almost always be taken for granted.

We have preached a curious sermon on the duty of making apologies, we may be told, consisting almost entirely of an attack, made with all the force at our disposal, on the apologetic habit of mind, or perhaps we should rather say, the apologetic habit of words. But this is eminently a case for homœopathic treatment. We oppose the habit of making apologies, because we want an apology to have some meaning. It should be like a wedding present, something the giver does not look to repeat in a lifetime. When it has become a habit, it must always sink into that most unsatisfactory substitute for the real article, a mere statement of the offence,—a repetition in words of the thing that has annoyed us in fact. We have seen it urged upon indiscreetly charitable persons (and it has struck us as one of the most

practicable of reforms), that they should never allow themselves to give trifling sums. No doubt they had better give a trifling sum than a large one to an underserving petitioner, but they are so much more likely to think twice if the gift is a sovereign than if it is a halfpenny, that even the danger of enriching an impostor is a less evil than the stimulus to caution is a gain. This is the reform we would make in apologies. We want to get rid of all these halfpennyworths that are bestowed so readily, and let the giver dispose of what costs him something. We want to stop this dribbling-away of meaningless excuse where there is nothing to excuse, and store up the wasted material for some of those occasions, not wholly wanting to the life of the gentlest and most courteous, when the grace of intercourse has been hurt by temper, or indiscretion, or indolence, and a word in season would right it, and perhaps make it better than before.

From The Spectator.

FOR AND AGAINST NORWAY.

WE English are not beloved in Norway. The grievances of the people against us are that we have spoiled their pleasant, simple, happy country, destroyed their game, corrupted their ideals, sophisticated their manners, raised their prices; finally, that we think a great deal too much of ourselves, and treat the natives of that grand Northland, whose heroic pirates and robbers gave our forbears, a thousand years before steam-launches and salmon-fishing, such severe drubbings, with the insular insolence which also arouses comments in other parts of the globe. The Norsk people—that is to say, all those who have not rivers to let, or furs to sell, or “stations” to keep, and who do not live by hiring out carriages and ponies to the incomprehensible people who are always waiting to see the midnight sun, and to behold reindeer in the act of scraping their food from under the snow—wish we would keep away, and let Gamle Norge be really Old Norway, instead of another big piece of playground for the autumn excursionist from that island out of which the raven formerly got such solid and unctuous pickings. They like us better in Sweden, but Sweden means Stockholm, and the lovely little red and green city of boats and bridges is a good deal Frenchified, its staunch Protestantism notwithstanding, in all the respects that strangers are likely to

gain any knowledge of. The traveller in Norway needs not, and as a matter of fact does not, trouble himself about the disfavor with which he is regarded in the abstract; it does not come in his way, which lies among the classes who are liable to the obscuration of the ideal by that powerful persuader, gain; and among the "fors" of Scandinavian travel, general civility must be placed.

Supposing one does not want to kill things, that the rivers rather than the fish are "running in one's mind," that the scarcity of bears and the falling-off of reindeer for purposes of slaughter are not fatal to enjoyment, and that the spectacle of inconceivable numbers of beautiful, feathered creatures, with never a "hot corner" in the neighborhood, be congenial to one's taste, there is immense pleasure in travelling along roads "magnificently engineered" — so Captain Clark Kennedy pronounces them to be — in a vehicle both novel and comfortable, through scenes of marvellous and various beauty. Whether it be for or against Norway, and indeed Scandinavia generally, that the natives are never in a hurry, are stolidly unsympathetic with the foreigner who is, and treat time with as much disregard as if it were eternity, each individual must decide for himself; to our mind, the holiday feeling would gain by this charming indifference.

Just as in former times, when, for instance, Colonel Newcome came home on leave, every reader of Eastern travel knew Shepherd's Hotel as well as the lord warden, so travellers in Northland and readers of its lore are acquainted with Mr. Bennett. He is the real, live Wizard of the North, the earthly providence of the tourist, instructing him, through his faultless little "Handbook," before he starts, receiving him on his arrival at Christiania, when he naturally rushes to "Bennett's," extending his protecting care over him until he is safely "through," as the Scotch say, and has seen the midnight sun, the walrus at home, the little Lapps, even more at home than the walrus; and finally speeding the parting guest when he has delivered up his carriage, after his photograph has been taken in the proud attitude of occupation of that queer carriage. When you stop at Bergen, or Thordhjem, you will be pretty sure to buy specimens of the carved wood, and the silver ornaments, and the skins of furry animals, for which Old Norway is famous. Do not add them to your luggage, but pack them off per coasting steamer to Mr. Bennett; he will take charge of them until you arrive, when he

will give you the latest information about everywhere, and the soundest advice about everything, if you do not happen to require anything more. If you do, go to his store, a sight in itself, and get the carriage and harness, the books, the maps, the preserved meats, the small coin for change, and the "straight tip" all round, even as to the best way of rectifying the defects of the "station" beds, which are too short for everybody, and have wedge-shaped pillows. Familiar as the sound of "backsheesh" in the land of the Nile is that of "Bennett" in the land of the fjord and the fjeld. Fairly off in the carriage, with a sure-footed pony — which let no man maltreat, for the Norwegian farmers do not like it, and the station-master will find means to punish, by delay and incivility, the tourist who overdrives the docile and willing little steeds — all the stages of the journey, in whatever direction, are full of charm; the exhilarating freshness of pure air, the keen scent of pines, the peace of the smiling country, the grandeur of distant mountains, the music of streams and waterfalls, and until the extreme north be reached, where only the Scotch fir grows, the poplar, the willow, the mountain ash-trees flourishing in great luxuriance. The northern route is full of grandeur, and Captain Clark Kennedy tells of one stage, on the road to Dovre, which combines every feature of Alpine scenery, "snow-capped hills towering above the road, vast forests of birch and pine, and masses of granite rocks, interspersed with juniper, on every side; and the river, pent up between narrow, precipitous banks of solid stone, dashing at breakneck speed far below." Next to the beauty of nature in these regions, one is led to admire the laziness of the natives. They are past-masters in idleness, they have elevated dawdling to an art. It is quite curious, — only when your pony casts a shoe, and four persons consume a whole hour in replacing it, you begin rather to count up your years. On the Dovrefjeld, which reminds us of Miss Martineau and Frederika Bremer, wolves are scarce, though they still haunt farmyards in the winter, but there is found the lemming, in Norway as large as a water-rat, in Lapland and northern Russia no bigger than a mouse. The migration of the grey squirrels, sung with such spirit and pathos by William Howitt — who has ever made us know the wonderful Arctic world like him? — is not so strange and interesting as that of these puzzling little creatures, who travel in countless hordes, like locusts, and are little

less destructive, and which were formerly believed by the Laplanders to be "rained down" from heaven. Captain Clark Kennedy imputes this notion to the fact that the birds of prey which follow closely on the tracks of the lemmings sometimes drop their prizes alive from their talons, while flying at some height from the ground. They are yellow and white in color, with brown markings, and not at all ugly, and though few travellers are fortunate enough to witness a migration of them, they are frequently observed in the pinewoods, and occasionally seen to sit up and "wash their hands" like rabbits. Their appearance in great force takes place every three or four years, and they move invariably in a westerly direction, finding their only insurmountable obstacle in the North Sea. The same writer (who has interpreted so many of our English birds to us) says, in reference to this migration: "It is wonderful to think that such countless millions of tiny animals are all stirred by the same impulse to proceed in a given direction, and in a straight, unbroken line, no obstacle daunting this army of rodents in their migrations towards the ocean. They climb the steepest mountains, unless they can easily pass round them by traversing their lower ridges; they swim the broadest lakes, the widest arms of the sea, and all rivers that may lie in their line of march, utterly devastating the land over which they pass, and traversing in a short time immense tracts of country." In former ages, a solemn form of exorcism was used in Norway against these swarming creatures, which were bidden, in the name of the Blessed Trinity, to go away to those places in which they could harm no person, and there to waste away and decrease daily, until no remains of them should be found in any place. After the desolate but majestic fjeld, where clusters of heartsease and beautiful wild flowers grow amid the patches of snow and reindeer moss, where for a long day's journey Sneehatten, with its black-walled, snow-filled crater, is in view, where the snowy owl, and the eagle-owl, and the great eagles are seen, where the cold is bitter, come lovely open country, the beautiful Gunl, its fair valley, and such heat that exposure to the sun is dangerous. The sudden changes of climate are among the "againsts" of Norway, and so, very strongly, are the mosquitos. At Gunldal, where many bloody battles were fought in the wars between Norway and Sweden, there are hop-gardens and beds of lilies of the valley, strawberries and apricots.

At Thronthjem, famous in the old, sav-

age times, the royal city of later days, the carriage is exchanged for the steamer, when one is *en route* for the Arctic circle, and the sea has its example of life in innumerable masses like the land. Near Besaker, the steamer cuts her way for hours through vast shoals of floating jelly-fish, moving with the tide, and shining with countless hues. The voyage among the islets along the coast is full of interest: the steamer passes quite close to their rugged sides, covered with masses of bird life, some of them quite white with seagulls, others colonized by terns, which decline to mix with the gulls; and the salt air full of their whirr and clangor, ceaseless by night and day. Anon one comes to the islands of Apelvaer, and to such heaps of codfish as can only be got hold of by the mind by the aid of the figures, that tell us how one year's fishery alone produces sixteen millions of fish, twenty-one thousand five hundred barrels of cod-liver oil, and six thousand barrels of cods' roe!

Near the Arctic line the scenery becomes most grand and beautiful, with its wonderful diversity of cliff and mountain and island, its deep, calm sea, with all the bird-laden islets, the life-thronged solitude in the steady, sustained smile of the sun, whose royal pomp is never bated there. The snow-crowned mountains, the steel-blue glaciers, the four peaks of the sentinel islands of Threnen, warders of the gates of the polar seas; Hestamandö, where the giant cavalry soldier, in everlasting rock, breasts the waves, and the Norse fishers doff their caps to "the horseman," — these are fine to see, and it is not surprising that when, at twelve o'clock at night, the blood-red ball of the sun hung over the gold and purple sea, and a thousand tinted rays danced in constant motion on the snow, there was deep silence on board the steamer whose voyage we are following, and the awe of a sublime spectacle in a measureless solitude fell upon all hearts.

Between the Loffoden Isles and Tromsö "there is an arm of the And Fjord to be crossed, and the water is literally covered and alive with birds, and with great shoals of mackerel and tumbling porpoises; sea-eagles sway and swoop above the ship, and the air is darkened with the strong flight of the northern diver, the guillemot, and the cormorant; while the masses on the rocks are hardly to be distinguished from the great heaps of seaweed." Thus, with so much to impress the imagination, and surely with all the pleasure that utter strangeness can bestow, change so complete that it must rest the weariest brain,

and stir to activity the least-used fancy, one may steam up the fjord to the town of Tromsø and find oneself in real Arctic life, with the everlasting, glittering white snow on every aide; and within a day's journey, the wild, wandering Laplanders, and their herds of those wonderful animals which render human existence possible in the wastes of the northern world.

From Nature.

DECORATIVE COLORING IN FRESHWATER FLEAS.

THERE is something essentially comic in the notion of a freshwater flea—a species of the entomostracous crustaceous Daphnoidæ—becoming beautifully ornamented with patches of scarlet and blue, for the purpose of seducing the affections of the opposite sex. If a scarlet coat is appreciated by the females of the very fleas of this great family to which we all belong, we ought not to be surprised at hereditary predispositions in favor of this color, and should conclude on this ground, as on many others, that the civilian male Anthropini of western Europe have taken a foolish and unnatural step, within the last hundred years, in abandoning the use of brilliantly colored clothing, and giving over the exceptional advantages which it confers to soldiers and huntsmen. The figures given by Prof. August Weismann, in the *Zeitschr. wiss. Zoologie* (1878, Supplement 1), show us the water-fleas, Polyphemus and Latona, most gorgeously got up in blue and scarlet. Goethe, though he never saw them, foretold their appearance:—

Es war einmal ein König, der hatt' einen grossen Floh,
Den liebt' er gar nicht wenig, als wie seinen eignen Sohn,
In Sammet und in Seide, war er nun ange-
than,
Hatte Bänder auf den Kleide, hatt' auch ein Kreuz daran,
etc., etc.

It is to the elaborate and ingenious studies of Prof. Weismann on caterpillars—worthy to be placed by the side of the most original of Mr. Darwin's own investigations—that we owe our knowledge of an exceedingly important cause of animal coloration, namely, that which is explained by the term “startling” or “terrifying” coloration (*Schreckfarben*). Just as in various human races the amorous of both

sexes paint their face and adorn their bodies in order to attract one another, so nature paints by sexual selection, and just as we dress ourselves up in wigs and gowns and spectacles, or tattoo our countenances in order to terrify evil-doers so (Prof. Weismann shows) does nature paint masks with staring eyes upon the feeble caterpillar's back in order that he may enjoy the privileges so usually gained by the ass in the lion's skin. Brilliant patches of color occur only in a few Daphnoidæ (also in a few Phyllopoda), and after a very detailed investigation as to the variations which these patches of color present in the different species, in the two sexes, and at different seasons and at different periods of growth, Prof. Weismann comes to the conclusion that they must be regarded as a decoration acquired by sexual selection which probably was first of all confined to the male sex, but subsequently, in most cases, became transmitted also to the other sex. Probably a reciprocal and alternating sexual selection favored this transference to the female sex, the most brilliant females being chosen by the few males existing at the commencement of a sexual period, and the most brilliant males being chosen by the relatively few females existing at the end of such a period. The existence of these “sexual periods” is a well established feature in the life-history of entomostraca, alternating with parthenogenetic periods. From the fact that neighboring colonies of the same species have a constantly differing arrangement of color, it appears probable that the development of these decorative color-patches took place after the isolation of the colonies, that is to say, subsequently to the glacial period in northern Europe. The transference of the decorative coloration originally developed only by the males, took place in three directions—firstly to the other sex; secondly to the not-yet sexually mature period of growth; and thirdly to the parthenogenetically produced generations. In the various species of Daphnoidæ with decorative coloration we find different degrees of completeness of the transference in these three different directions. Only one species, viz., Latona, presents the highest degree or complete transference of the coloration to both sexes, all stages of growth and all generations of the annual cycle. Prof. Weismann concludes that the Daphnoidæ afford a further case in favor of the hypothesis that secondary sexual characters can be converted into general characteristics of the species, and that they confirm Mr. Darwin's theory of the origin of the color-patterns of butterflies' wings.